

get weird.

By MIKE DEL ROSSO

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MOVIERAIN PRODUCTIONS  
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1 INT. DINGY APARTMENT -- GREY -- DAY 1

A MAN holds a CELLPHONE SCREEN to his FACE. He turns the PHONE SIDEWAYS, places in a HEADSET, and dons the VIEWFINDER.

C.U. CELLPHONE SCREEN

He ZOOMS in heavily on his IRIS. His PUPIL DILATES.

MAN V.O.

Focus on the next step. Forget what little life you have here. No one will miss you.

His PUPIL completely consumes the IRIS of his EYE.

C.U. HIS WRISTWATCH

The HANDS read exactly 3:21 P.M.

WHITE LIGHT consumes the SCREEN, in a FLASH.

HARD CUT TO WHITE:

Then, BLACK.

2 BLACK SCREEN 2

WHITE TYPE appears in the center of the SCREEN as the NARRATOR reads aloud:

NARRATOR

(sounds like the Arby's guy)  
 MOVIERAIN: ... The showering down of an electromagnetic field and echoing back of its radar to the source, for a hi-fi, 4-dimensional spacetime recording.

The TYPE transforms into animated DOTTED LINES showering down in a SPRAY from the top to the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN.

NARRATOR

More on this later...

3 BLACK -- CONTINUED 3

The WHITE LINES FADE.

RADIO STATIC CRACKLES

We hear PING PONG CHARLIE'S VOICE who's clearly speaking through a metallic microphone.

The HOLLOW SNAPS of a PING PONG BALL rallying back and forth as a table FADES IN.

PING PONG CHARLIE

(o.s.)

OK, we're back...

HARD CUT:

4 INT. PING PONG CHARLIE'S -- NIGHT 4

RADCLIFFE, CHARLIE and the HYPE MAN are sitting around MIC STANDS.

CAMERA ENCIRCLES the THREE, from their NUCLEUS - MICROPHONES spider out from the center.

They wear GIANT BLACK HEADPHONES shifting their EYES back and forth to one another, as the camera PANS CLOCKWISE from their huddle's center.

CHARLIE

I'm sitting here with RAD.

RADCLIFFE

Good to be here once again,  
Charles. When are we gonna fire up  
a game?

ANGLE ON the PING PONG TABLE in the background.

TWO GUYS hammer back and forth.

C.U. CHARLIE AT THE MIC

CHARLIE

Oh, we're up after Sven and Steven  
finish their best of three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

CHARLIE cranes his neck away from the mic.

CHARLIE  
(to: players)  
Guys! What's the score?

SVEN  
(o.s. muffled)  
It's advantage, me.

We hear STEVEN serve O.S.

SVEN  
(to: STEVEN)  
I wasn't even paying attention!

STEVEN  
(o.s.)  
Deuce!

CHARLIE  
Doesn't count, Steven! Game was in  
time out.

CHARLIE pulls the mic stand closer to his MOUTH.

CHARLIE  
(to: RAD)  
I understand that you have a  
special announcement for the Olde  
Neighborhood this fine evening.

5 EXT. BUILDING STOOP -- EVENING -- CONTINUOUS

5

A GROUP of GUYS sit around an OLD RADIO listening to the  
broadcast.

RADCLIFFE  
(crackling o.s. from the  
radio)  
That's correct, sir. This goes out  
to all of my neighbors...

CUT TO:

6 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- UP AT THE BAR -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 6

PATRONS and the BARTENDER gather around another OLD RADIO sat atop the bar.

RADCLIFFE  
 (from: radio)  
 ...we have designated several nearby haunts as locations for our weekly web series, 'get weird.'

CUT TO:

7 INT. KING IN THE NORTH END'S LAIR -- CONTINUOUS 7

THE KING sits at his DESK. His MEN slouch in comfortable SOFAS and LEATHER CHAIRS around the DESK.

Dim MOONLIGHT slightly touches the KING through his skylight overhead.

AN OLD RADIO STANDS ATOP THE KING'S DESK

RADCLIFFE  
 (crackling from: radio)  
 Now I can't divulge when we'll be at which locations. Frankly, that would defeat the purpose of the show.

BACK TO:

8 INT. PING PONG CHARLIE'S APT. -- EVENING -- CONTINUOUS 8

RAD's leaning intently into the MIC. We hear the PING PONG BALL bouncing back and forth in the background.

C.U. RAD

RADCLIFFE  
 But I do assure everyone tuning in, that I will not use any footage without your approval. As usual, we'll leak out a sneak peek of this week's show a few days early. If anyone featured has objections for appearing on camera, we'll promptly

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE (cont'd)

edit them out of the show. After all, it's the people who are its heart and soul. And I hold your approval as paramount.

CHARLIE

The little web series that could is starting to gain some steam, I've noticed.

RADCLIFFE

I must admit; what started out as just some good wholesome fun, and barely a blip on the Internet, has earned some substantial viewership. Hence the discretion.

CHARLIE

You've heard it here, folks. Be on the lookout for Rad and his crew. They could be filming at a local place near you.

RADCLIFFE

Again, it won't be obvious we're filming. So, if you see me out, just assume you might be on the show.

CHARLIE

I've noticed the newfound popularity has brought some new people to the Olde Neighborhood. Perhaps to get in on the action.

RADCLIFFE

I've noticed that too. That's the other reason for not divulging locations ahead of time. I'm all set with photo bombers.

ANGLE ON STEVEN who SLAMS a WINNER for the GAME

STEVEN

(stone cold)

Game.

9 EXT. PING PONG CHARLIE'S APT. -- STOOP -- NIGHT 9

RAD jaunts down CHARLIE's stone stoop steps into a quiet city street.

RAD V.O.

I started recording the digital short 'get weird.' about a year ago.

POV just above RAD's head, a LAMP LIT SIDEWALK lays before him, as he strolls between 4-story BRICK BUILDINGS.

RAD V.O.

Back then, it was a modest 2-to-3 minute clip that I'd upload to my personal vlog.

RAD disappears around a CORNER to a busier street. He looks down at his PHONE, which displays a BRIGHT EMBLEM of a GREEN DRAGON wearing a PIRATE HAT.

His PACE QUICKENS.

10 EXT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS 10

RAD rounds the CORNER and approaches the DREAD PIRATE DRAGON's entrance.

C.U. A SWINGING WOODEN SIGN SWINGS ABOVE THE ENTRANCE

Painted on the sign: a GREEN DRAGON wearing a PIRATE HAT.

RAD V.O.

Little do they know that, lately, I've been recording all the time.

RAD pushes through the heavy GREEN DOOR entrance to a LIVELY BAR SCENE. The SOUNDS of DRINKS CLANKING and PATRON CHATTER escalate quickly as RAD swings the DOOR OPEN.

11 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 11

RAD walks along the CROWDED BAR. He pats a few of the BARSTOOL GENTS as he walks by them.

MARY ELLEN the bartender wipes down the bar while talking to a few patrons.

(CONTINUED)

RAD PULLS up a STOOL a few seats down.

MARY ELLEN  
(interrupting her  
conversation)  
Rad, we just heard you on the  
radio.

RADCLIFFE  
How'd I do?

RAD V.O.  
Little do they know, I'm recording  
right now.

MARY ELLEN  
I'm just wondering if you recorded  
the other night at L STREET. My  
nephew was working. Couple of  
customers, non regulars, claimed he  
was addin' drinks to their tabs.

RADCLIFFE  
Nah, no. I haven't shot since the  
poker game.

RAD V.O.  
He was totally paddin' tabs. Only  
on the Yuppies' that kept coming  
in, though.

A YUPPY suddenly bursts into the pub. She's already had a  
few.

MOVIERAIN:

The inner barroom is LIT UP with what seem like STUDIO  
LAMPS. Great lighting for a single-camera sitcom.

ANGLE ON a row of GRUFF GRUNTS heaving MUGS of BEER into  
their GULLETS.

SHAKY

SWISH PAN and then ANGLE ON RAD who LOOKS TO CAMERA.

ANGLE on YUPPY and RACK FOCUS



YUPPY

Hiyee. Can I please have aaa  
Cosmopolitan, straight up and with  
no Vermouth??

THE GENTLEMEN look at each other. EACH of them pulls his  
KEYS out of his JEAN POCKET.

ZOOM IN on one set of KEYS JANGLING. They're all holding  
their JINGLING MEDAL above their heads.

THEY SING, to the tune of "Jingle Bell Rock":

GENTLEMEN

"Get the fuck, get the fuck, get  
the fuck out. Get the fuck out. Oh,  
get the fuck OUT!..."

Mortified, the YUPPY with EYES and MOUTH wide, EXITS  
abruptly.

SWISH PAN to RAD and ZOOM IN.

RAD looks to CAMERA then steps from his STOOL and holds his  
BEER in the AIR.

C.U. RAD

RADCLIFFE

(to: GENTLEMEN)

Let's get weird.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

12 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY

12

A BEAT IN THE BLACK

A HARD STOP FROM THE VIBRANT ACTIVITY PREVIOUSLY

Then we hear an OFFICE PHONE RING.

SIDEVIEW: BACKS facing, THOMAS and RADCLIFFE sit silhouetted  
at their respective desks. CLUTTER -- discarded COKE CANS,  
stacks of PAPERS and HARDBOUND BOOKS -- comprise a multi-  
tiered fort around them.

THOMAS rests a BLACK & WHITE CHUCK TAYLOR atop his

(CONTINUED)

workstation, while leaning back in his roller chair. Reading a PAPERBACK.

RADCLIFFE, hunched over his TERMINAL, hunts and pecks at the KEYBOARD.

The WHITE LETTERS "THOMAS" appear below THOMAS (left).  
"RADCLIFFE" reads below RADCLIFFE (right).

THE NETWORK office is quiet, with ambient PHONES RINGING in the fluorescent distance.

The word, "WORK" appears in WHITE TYPE between THEM.

RAD leans back to TAP THOMAS.

RADCLIFFE  
Hey, check this out.

THOMAS looks up from his book and SPINS in his seat to RAD's SCREEN.

RADCLIFFE  
Took this footage last night on an  
impromptu recording sesh.

THOMAS leans into RAD's SCREEN, which depicts the BAR ROOM SCENE from last night. It's fully cut and edited, like a single-camera sitcom - a MOCKUMENTARY, if you will.

THOMAS  
(glances up at RAD)  
You get after it last night?

RADCLIFFE  
(clears throat)  
Umm, yeah.

THOMAS  
You recorded, cut and edited this  
all last night?

RADCLIFFE  
Yup.

THOMAS

How do you always manage to turn these around so quickly?

RADCLIFFE

(glances at camera)

Just a cellphone camera and a couple of GoPros.

THOMAS

Still, that's some fine editing work in such a short amount of time.

RADCLIFFE

(yawning)

Yeah... didn't get to bed till like 3 a.m.

The hot S&P LADY walks by RAD and THOMAS's POD. Slender and graceful, she's dressed in a stylish, all-black jumpsuit, wardrobe remnants of her punk band days. Pretty sure she's the half-Japanese girl Rivers Cuomo laments about in "EL SCORCHO." RADCLIFFE follows her with his EYES as she glides by. She LOOKS back.

S&P LADY

(toothy smirk)

Pitch meeting in five minutes.

CUT TO:

13 INT. CONF. ROOM -- THE NETWORK -- DAY

13

A long WAR-ROOM TABLE stretches throughout the CONFERENCE ROOM. On either side of said table, seated, are lines of the NETWORK's COOL CORRESPONDENTS.

RAD and THOMAS take a seat towards the back. At the room's OPPOSITE END hangs a 100-inch BIG SCREEN.

NETWORK editor EVAN ST. JAMES stands in front of the SCREEN.

EVAN

(arms outstretched, waving downward)

Alright, guys. Quiet down. Let's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)  
get started.

GIANNA sits toward the front, ERECT and ATTENTIVE.

EVAN looks down at his star pupil.

EVAN  
Gianna? What have you got for us?

GIANNA  
(without hesitation)  
I managed to secure an interview  
with state officials about the  
latest regulations set on WiFi  
bandwidth tampering.

EVAN  
(nodding)  
Nice. Can't wait to see that. If  
it's as good as your other stuff  
lately, we'll run it in prime time.

GIANNA slides back in her seat, pleased.

EVAN looks around the crowded room. Midway down the TABLE he  
can see TRENT wishes to speak up.

EVAN  
Trent?

TRENT  
(English accent)  
Right. I am requesting travel  
expenditures to cover a remote  
piece on the growing conflict in  
The Peoples' Republic of the Congo.

ANGLE on THOMAS in the back ROLLING HIS EYES.

C.U. EVAN.

EVAN  
I like.

EVAN looks around to the rest of his TWO-DOZEN  
CORRESPONDENTS.

EVAN

(raising his voice)

The rest of you could take a page from Trent and Gianna. They're adeptly conducting the type of journalism this Network vies for.

(a beat)

Excellence.

C.U. EVAN'S SQUARE FACE

EVAN

Thomas, Radcliffe, you're on Dice duty. I need you to take a field trip down to the CEO's brother's place. He apparently has hours of loose footage that he needs edited and cut down into a half hour autobiography.

RAD gives EVAN the SALUTE.

The entire WAR ROOM empties of its COOL CORRESPONDENTS and RAD and THOMAS.

14 INT. NETWORK HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

14

RAD and THOMAS are among the last to exit. TRENT holds back to pick a fight with them. His last five assignments received well by mentor EVAN, TRENT is ready to gloat.

THOMAS

(to: RAD)

I just don't know how many more of these pointless work assignments I can endure.

RADCLIFFE

(air quotes around  
'assignments')

These "assignments" do seem to be dragging our respective careers into oblivion.

TRENT both literally and figuratively INTERJECTS, overhearing the duo's bitch session.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

(sticking his head into frame)  
You guys are meek victims of the  
Salieri Effect.  
(scoffs)

THOMAS and RADCLIFFE looks up from their 1-on-1 to TRENT.

THOMAS

(deadpan stare)  
What's that now?

TRENT

Salieri. He was the 18th-century  
composer who could never escape  
from the prodigy Mozart's shadow.

C.U. RAD, BLANK STARE

RADCLIFFE

(mouth agape)  
I don't follow...

TRENT

It's not your fault, gentlemen. You  
just happen to be surrounded by  
Mozart's all over this hallowed  
Network floor. No matter how hard  
you try, no matter what strategy  
you implement, you'll never be able  
to escape all of these Mozarts'  
respective shadows. You'll  
inevitably come in second.

THOMAS

(sarcastically)  
Oh, Salieri... never heard of him,  
or of that...  
(air quotes)  
"effect."

TRENT

C'mon, man. You must have at least  
heard the cautionary tale of the  
once great composer Salieri.  
Unfortunately for him, he shared  
the same time and place as Mozart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRENT (cont'd)

Mozart was the Michael Jordan ballah composer at the time in Vienna. Salieri resented Mozart for his musical prowess. So one day, Salieri sends his masked henchmen to Mozart's and they poison his dish. Mozart, still a young man despite his prolific symphonic catalogue, dies days later. They could never prove it, but Salieri was basically the O.J. of his time. Everybody knew he did it.

RADCLIFFE

(dryly)

Oh... Salieri! Yeah, pretty sure I saw that episode of "Drunk History."

THOMAS snorts.

TRENT

Well, I leave you two gentlemen to your devices.

TRENT smiles smugly and then EXITS FRAME.

THOMAS and RADCLIFFE follow his exit with their eyes, until TRENT's out of an earshot.

RADCLIFFE

(still staring into the distance)

What a tool.

CUT TO:

15 INT. DICE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

15

DICE is dressed in a bathrobe and SUNGLASSES, standing in the middle of a '70's-decorated living room.

He holds a BOX full of digital video disks.

THOMAS and RAD stand opposite him awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

DICE

OK, boys. I need you to peruse through this footage, OK? Over the past couple a years, I've been recording clips of my day-to-day, ya know? I need you to string this along into some kind of cohesive narrative. CapeeeSH?

DICE hands over the BOX to THOMAS who stumbles a bit at the transfer of weight.

RADCLIFFE

When do you need a fresh cut, sir?

DICE

Like a week? I got my lodge banquet next Thursday night. I'm being honored as a long-time member. Would be nice to show there.

CUT TO:

16 INT. NETWORK EDITING ROOM -- DAY

16

RAD and THOMAS pan through hours on MULTIPLE SCREENS in a dark room.

C.U. A GRAINY SCREEN

A gentleman stands puzzled, looking directly into the camera.

DICE

(o.s. echoey from TV speaker)  
Just look over to the right. In the post production, there will be a guy there.

ANGLE ON THOMAS staring two-inches from this screen in disgust.

THOMAS

There is literally hours of this stuff. He just filmed a bunch of random scenes, hoping somebody would clean it up in post.

(CONTINUED)



RADCLIFFE

I love DICE, but put that down and check this out.

On RAD's screen displays the BAR SCENE from last night. All of the BARFLIES appear to be in a freeze-frame, but somehow RAD is navigating in and around them, like a bug in flight.

THOMAS leans into RAD's on-screen activity.

THOMAS

Whoa. How are you doing that? I thought you were using a couple of GoPros.

RADCLIFFE

(looks at THOMAS)  
Can you keep a secret?

THOMAS

Umm, yeah.

RADCLIFFE

I have a bug droid.

THOMAS

Don't those only take 3D stills?  
The footage I saw earlier was full-motion.

RADCLIFFE

Yeah, I tweaked it.

KENNY the CAMERA GUY enters the edit room abruptly.

KENNY

OooOoo, Rad. New footage I see.  
You need my cameraman expertise once again?

RADCLIFFE

(to: KENNY)  
You know it, Kenny.

THOMAS

(to: RAD)  
Wait a minute. You're just going to brush over the fact that you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)

tweaked a bug droid to film full 3D motion?

RADCLIFFE

Yeah, I call it "movierain." It captures every angle possible in a confined area (like a bar). And I need cameraman expertise from fine gentlemen like Kenny here to output the 2D clip.

KENNY nods in agreement and intensity.

RADCLIFFE

The AI technology that makes all of this possible, however, is not exactly legal, for fear of false footage fabrication. Another term for it is 'Deep Fake.'... So I ask you again, Thomas, can you keep a secret?

THOMAS

(blue light glaring off his face)

Of course... Can I come to your next taping?

RADCLIFFE

Sure, what the hell. Could use the help setting up shots, actually.

KENNY points to the still shot onscreen.

KENNY

You should start at one end of the bar and then slowly pan along all the patrons as they're jingling their keys.

RADCLIFFE

(staring intently into the screen)

Kenny, you're a genius.

CUT TO:

17 INT. NETWORK EQUIPMENT ROOM -- DAY

17

Adjacent to the EDITING ROOM lies a rugged room, dark and filled with METAL SHELVES stacked with A/V EQUIPMENT.

KENNY poses in front of the stacks, with his CAMERA slung over his SHOULDER. He's smiling with a BUTT hanging out of his mouth.

RAD V.O.

The cameramen are the secret ingredient in movierain footage. Their decades of expertise inform the shots. There was Kenny, Jeff...

KENNY disappears. In his place, stands JEFF, another camera guy, slightly more slender, younger, nodding and bouncing in place.

RAD V.O.

...and Carlisle.

KENNY disappears and CARLISLE stands in his place, as RAD mentions his name.

RAD V.O.

I had worked with all three of them on different assignments. They helped me make sense of the movierain footage. I don't know what I'd do without them.

CUT TO:

18 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY

18

RAD sits slouched at his desk, buried in a pile of PAPERS and TAPES. His face HANGS.

RAD V.O.

Processing my passion project sure as hell beat my day-to-day minutia.

Across the FLOOR, GIANNA records a V.O. in the SOUND BOOTH. She hangs her HEADPHONES on one ear, like a DJ, while she speaks into the MIC.

RAD looks longingly over at her.

(CONTINUED)

RAD V.O.

I would love an assignment where I get to record in the booth.

BETSY, one of RAD's supervisors, walks by his desk and notices him DAYDREAMING.

BETSY

How's the CEO's brother's project coming? We're going to need to see some edited clips by the end of the week. I doubt you'll make much progress gazing over at Gianna in the booth.

RAD snaps back into his PAPER SHUFFLE.

RAD V.O.

Betsy's long, silver hair and librarian glasses remind me of my 3rd-grade teacher. Thank God she isn't my direct supervisor.

ANGLE ON DEAN, RAD's direct supervisor, leaned back in his reclinable, swivel chair in his office. SNORING.

RAD V.O.

Dean is a little more easy-going. As long as we get our work done under deadline, he let's me and Thomas pretty much do whatever we want.

CUT TO MOVIERAIN:

19 INT. RAD'S APT. -- NIGHT

19

A CEILING LAMP hangs just over the round KITCHEN TABLE.

THE BOYS surround the ROUNDTABLE in a boisterous game of Asshole.

RADCLIFFE narrowly avoids becoming Asshole, clearing the hand. He SLAMS DOWN his last RED 2.

BROWNIE looks down at his LAST 3 CARDS.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNIE

(looks up from his hand)

I can't believe I just lost to a kid who doesn't even have a logo on his hat.

SWING to RAD wearing a blank, blue BASEBALL CAP.

BROWNIE whips out his phone to display a picture of a black&white POLICE SKETCH of an expressionless man wearing a nondescript cap.

BROWNIE

(to: RAD)

You look like every guy in police sketches.

THE BOYS erupt in laughter.

RAD V.O.

No story The Network covered held a candle to nights with the boys, in my humble opinion.

CUT TO:

20 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY

20

DEAN's sleeping in his office again. The SNORING LUMP is clearly visibly through the DOUBLE-PANE GLASS next to his front door, which is WIDE OPEN.

RADCLIFFE

Dean! Yo, Dean!

DEAN stirs out of his midday slumber.

DEAN

(in a stupor)

Whuh.. What is it?

RADCLIFFE

Can I upload a clip to tonight's Zen segment?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
(yawning)  
I don't give a fuck.

RAD calls up a clip from last night, on his LAPTOP. He LEANS BACK in his seat and TAPS THOMAS on the shoulder to show him.

RADCLIFFE  
What do you think? I'm thinking of starting a column on The Network nightly vlog called 'get weird.'

THOMAS leans into RAD's screen.

THOMAS  
This is cut just like that bar scene you showed me the other day. Good shit. Yeah, I mean, we have Dean's blessing.

RAD and THOMAS chuckle.

RADCLIFFE  
Can't hurt, right? Gotta start making moves.

THOMAS  
Throw in the 'Get the fuck out' song too.

RADCLIFFE  
You like that one, huh?

RAD calls up THE NETWORK's video blog and uploads the two MOVIERAIN CLIPS.

A PROGRESS BAR ZIPS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ACROSS RAD'S SCREEN

THOMAS and RAD look at each other.

RADCLIFFE  
It's done. We're officially out there now.

THOMAS

What's this 'we' shit? You still haven't taken me on a shoot.

RADCLIFFE

Patience, young Thomas. Come over tonight. There are a few things we need to go over.

SMASH CUT:

21 MONTAGE OF YOUNGSTERS VIEWING NETWORK CLIPS 21

SPLASH a collage of LAPTOP SCREENS in coffee shops, college libraries, in DORM ROOMS.

ALL OF THEM viewing, liking, sharing the NETWORK's nightly vlog.

RAD V.O.

The official Network Vlog is a vastly underutilized channel in the all-powerful multi-platform Network. The Network is a premier source of news for young, hip professionals mostly. They've had several prime-time TV shows, hugely successful podcasts and whatnot. They dominate young people's feeds on social media. Those torrents tend to drown out the Network's vlog that largely goes unnoticed, next to all that other noise.

CUT TO:

22 INT. HIP YUPPY APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 22

C.U. ON A COOL HIPSTER CHICK WITH THICK-RIMMED GLASSES

She sits in a DARK ROOM, lit only by her LAPTOP SCREEN.

C.U. from the POV of her LAPTOP. A blue-light REFLECTS in her LENSES.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER CHICK

Would you look at this.

HIPSTER CHICK grabs her phone and TEXTS a few friends to check out the 'GET WEIRD.' clips she just witnessed. She SHARES a LINK on SOCIAL channels, like TWITTER.

The SCREEN SPLITS to TWO PANES, the FOUR, then EIGHT, as more and more people VIEW 'GET WEIRD.' to much delight.

Over night, RAD's creation goes viral.

CUT TO:

23

INT. RAD'S APT. -- NIGHT

23

THOMAS and RAD sit on the couch. A commercial plays on RAD's TV.

C.U. TUBE TELEVISION

ALL BLUE BACKGROUND

CENTER SCREEN: A MECHANICAL BEETLE emits visible RADIO WAVES

ANNOUNCER

It's the new Beetle Drone 2.0!

THE BEETLE dismounts, flies around the sky and LANDS on a young man's SHOULDER.

ANNOUNCER

Part hover drone, part 3D camera,  
all beetle!

The BEETLE dismounts from the MAN'S SHOULDER and perches on a BRANCH OVERHEAD.

C.U. BEETLE EMITTING RADIOWAVES

ANNOUNCER

Deploy your Beetle 2.0 anywhere.  
Dual fisheye cameras emit flashes  
of echo location for authentic 3D  
spacial shots!

The SCENE with the MAN INCLUDED freeze, like PROF. X freezing everyone's minds in a room.

(CONTINUED)



THE CAMERA swoops throughout the STILL SHOT.

ANNOUNCER

Capture an entire scene, in all of  
its glorious angles, with the  
Beetle 2.0!

PULL THROUGH THE TV SCREEN BACK TO RAD'S LIVING ROOM

ANGLE ON THOMAS

THOMAS

(to: RAD)

Didn't you say you have a bug  
droid?

RADCLIFFE

Yeah, not like that one though.  
That's actually why I invited you  
over. If you're going to go on my  
next shoot with me, we're going to  
have to set some ground rules.

THOMAS

What's with all of this mystery?  
Are there like weird chatrooms on  
the Dark Web about this or  
something?

RADCLIFFE

(unfazed)

Not here. I need to introduce you  
to Coke Bottles. He owns the Video  
Underground.

CUT TO:

24 INT. VIDEO UNDERGROUND (DVD RENTAL STORE) -- NIGHT

24

RAD and THOMAS lean over the GLASS CHECKOUT COUNTER. COKE  
BOTTLES stands on the other side by the REGISTER.

THE VIDEO UNDERGROUND is an old, vintage DVD shop. Parallel  
aisles of hard-to-find DVD's line the store. COKE BOTTLES is  
their caretaker.

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE

(to: COKE BOTTLES)

My colleague Thomas here is interested in accompanying me on a movierain shoot. Thought maybe you could clue him in on some of the technology we'll be using.

COKE BOTTLES

Sure thing.

COKE BOTTLES reaches under the CHECKOUT COUNTER and pulls out a PRISTINE LEATHER BRIEFCASE.

He SLIDES it on top of the GLASS, snaps open the GOLD LOCKS and OPENS the case to display a row of BEETLE 2.0 droids nestled neatly in felt.

COKE BOTTLES

These, sir, are bug droids. They employ a special technology that can fully capture an entire 3D landscape in a single snapshot.

FLASH CUT:

25 ALL BLACK SCREEN WITH WHITE COMPUTER LINES 25

A DIGITAL display layout of the VIDEO UNDERGROUND draws on the COMPUTER SCREEN in WHITE LINES.

BACK TO:

26 INT. VIDEO UNDERGROUND (DVD RENTAL STORE) -- CONTINUOUS 26

THOMAS looks to RAD and then back at COKE BOTTLES enthralled.

THOMAS

Is this the technology you use for your nightly shoots?

RADCLIFFE

Not quite.

RAD and COKE BOTTLES lock eyes.

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE

(to: COKE BOTTLES)

I think it's time to show him.

A small LADYBUG crawls out from under RAD's COLLAR. It FLIES from his shoulder and lands on the GLASS, emitting the sound of a SLIGHT CLICK, like fingernails tapping on the crystal surface.

RADCLIFFE

Thomas, meet LBD 7.0.

THOMAS

7.0?

RADCLIFFE

Yes. With my friend Coke Bottles' help, here, we were able to successfully tweak a Beetle 2.0 droid. This little guy doesn't just capture 3D stills; it can capture full-motion 3D footage, and sound.

THOMAS's JAW drops.

THOMAS

How is that even possible?

COKE BOTTLES

Well, Rad here had the eureka to string 3D stills of a Beetle 2.0 onto a reel, like how a movie projector runs film. At 64 frames per second, coupled with some custom coding, this guy is filming hi-fi 3D--

(clears throat)

--excuse me, 4D.

THOMAS

How does it manage to catch obstructed angles?

COKE BOTTLES

Ahhh... Therein lies the genius. We tapped into Snapchat's insanely extensive footage database. We fed

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COKE BOTTLES (cont'd)

that mammoth data set into an AI-emulator that's hardwired directly into LBD 7.0's bug brain. The little guy can fill in the blanks of blind shots, via his AI intuition.

THOMAS

It fabricates the footage?

RADCLIFFE

Technically, yes. But we've tested it meticulously. Comparing LB's intuitive footage with actual shots, we've yet to find any person or system that can tell the difference.

THOMAS

But, you could hypothetically fabricate an entire scene, correct?

RADCLIFFE

The potential is there, yes. That's what makes this technology illegal. And that's why I asked if you could keep a secret. The Network can never find out that I've been leveraging pirated technology.

THOMAS

This is fascinating. My lips are sealed.

POV OF LBD 7.0

CAMERA SWIVEL PANS along all three gentlemen, LOOKING AT EACH OTHER in heavy silence.

RADCLIFFE

Ok, then. Let's. Get. Weird.

CUT TO:

27 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT

27

RAD, THOMAS and LBD 7.0 sit at the BAR, readying themselves

(CONTINUED)

for their first collaborative shoot.

RAD V.O.

(to: LB)

OK dismount and get into position.

LBD 7.0 leaps from RAD's shoulder, HOVERS ABOVE and perches on the CEILING ABOVE.

C.U. LBD 7.0

LB resembles the RED RECORDING LIGHT of a video camera.

C.U. THOMAS

THOMAS

So if LBD precipitates the movierain all over the room, how are we going to pick our shots?

RADCLIFFE

Simple. I just point to inanimate objects when interviewing subjects. I tell them to treat that as the camera. It provides a focal point.

THOMAS

And they accept this?

RADCLIFFE

For the more inquisitive types, I tell them that this napkin dispenser...

RAD grabs a SHINY METAL NAPKIN DISPENSER and displays it to THOMAS.

RADCLIFFE

...is a hidden camera.

RAD reaches into his POCKET. He PULLS OUT a RED DIE.

RADCLIFFE

(holding it in front of THOMAS's line of sight)

Or this die. I tell them that this little die is a tiny, wireless hidden camera. I'll place it where

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)

a camera would likely go and say  
'Action.' It seems to appease the  
subject.

RADCLIFFE gently places the DIE a believable distance on the  
COUNTERTOP.

RADCLIFFE

This façade is only for interview  
segments, by the way. We can  
literally exact any angle, any shot  
imaginable in post. The key  
takeaway here is that anything, any  
object can be a camera. That's how  
I explain advantageous shots, after  
the fact.

THOMAS

That's where you lose me, but I'll  
take your word for it.

RADCLIFFE

(quite pleased with himself)  
You'll see.

THOMAS

(starting to get it)  
Anything can be a camera.

RADCLIFFE

(nodding)  
Exactly.

MOVIERAIN: ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE

Suddenly, BIG MOE bursts in.

BIG MOE

Yea, buddy.

RADCLIFFE and THOMAS look at each other.

RADCLIFFE

(to: THOMAS)  
Show time.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS  
(straight-faced)  
Let's do this.

BIG MOE breezes by the boys, with a NEWSPAPER under his arm.

RADCLIFFE  
(turning to MOE)  
Hey, Moe. What's up, man?

BIG MOE  
Nada mucho.

BIG MOE pulls up a STOOL, on the other side of THOMAS and WHIPS OUT his PAPER.

The PAPER CRINKLES as BIG MOES flips through its WAVERING PAGES.

Suddenly, ANVIL bursts in, not a moment later.

ANVIL  
(in a whirlwind)  
What's up, fellaRRs? How are you ladies this fine evening?

RACK FOCUS on the calamitous ANVIL moving quickly through the bar.

RADCLIFFE  
Well look who it is.

ANVIL  
That's right, sir. I'm ready to get amongst it.

THOMAS's grows agoraphobic, as more and more PEOPLE enter the BAR. His EYES shift back and forth and he SLINKS in his STOOL.

ANVIL sits on the other side of BIG MOE.

ANVIL  
(to: bartender)  
I'll take a Miller Lite.

BIG MOE continues to read his paper, ignoring the WHIRLWIND that is ANVIL, who's now looking at him.

ZOOM IN on BIG MOE

ANGLE ON ANVIL

ANVIL

Moe, you have a good night last night? Pretty sure I got slammerfaced. You ever have one of those mornings, where you just wanna keel over and die?? Too bad I had to wake my ass up at 6am to make my shift--

BIG MOE

(pulling away from his paper)

ANVIL! What about me reading the paper says 'Start talking to me'?

BIG MOE holds a STOIC STARE, shooting daggers at the oblivious ANVIL.

ANVIL leans back in his stool.

ANVIL

Rad, how YOU feelin'?

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

28 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY

28

Both RAD and THOMAS are SLOUCHED in their respective seats, hungover.

THOMAS

(massaging the bridge of his nose)

My head is pounding.

RADCLIFFE

Yeah, I forgot to warn you those night shoots can go a little late. You still gonna help me with the upload?

Just then, a YOUNG SECRETARY approaches the TWO-MAN POD.



SECRETARY

(clearing throat)

Excuse me, are you two the guys  
behind the...

(clears throat again)

...'get weird.' clips that were  
uploaded yesterday?

RAD and THOMAS look at each other bewildered.

RADCLIFFE

(waking up from hangover)

Ummm.. yeah.

SECRETARY

The CEO would like to see you in  
his office.

The TWO look at each other again.

RADCLIFFE

(to: SECRETARY)

Umm.. OK.

SECRETARY

Follow me.

THOMAS scours ANALYTICS DASHBOARDS reporting on the meteoric  
success 'get weird.' has experienced overnight.

THOMAS

(whispering, staring at  
screen)

Rad, you tore the Network a new  
asshole.

CUT TO:

29 INT. NETWORK CEO'S OFFICE -- DAY

29

RAD and THOMAS are sat opposite the CEO, who's behind a  
LARGE, MONOLITHIC, MAHOGANY DESK.

The CEO leans back slowly in his LEATHER CHAIR THRONE, which  
makes a SLIGHT CREAK in an otherwise silence.

(CONTINUED)

CEO

(single silver eyebrow raised)  
Are you the two behind last night's  
Zen upload?

RADCLIFFE

(sitting up)  
Um, yes, sir. We had permission  
from our supervisor, Dean.

CEO

Yes, well, normally we would fire  
the responsible parties on the  
spot. This was an unauthorized  
breach of Network protocol--

RADCLIFFE

But, sir--

CEO

(gestures RAD to calm down)  
Ah, ah, we're not doing that. Your  
supervisor, Dean was it?, he wasn't  
at the grade level to approve such  
content. There's no way you could  
have known that. And, frankly,  
that's not why I brought you up  
here. I'm not going to reprimand  
you, Misterrr--

RADCLIFFE

I'm Rad and this is Thomas.

THOMAS

(sheepishly)  
H-hi.

CEO

Mr. Rad and Mr. Thomas. No, I  
brought you up here today to ask  
you one simple question. Is there  
more where that came from?

RADCLIFFE

Clips?

CEO

Yes.

RADCLIFFE

Sure, sure. I have loads of footage.

CEO

Cheers. I'm going to set you up with a weekly, late-night segment, on a purely trial basis. If the numbers that roared in last night and early this morning prove to be more than a fluke, I'm going to give you a prime-time slot. A full half-hour segment.

CEO grins ever so slightly.

C.U. RAD AND THOMAS

The GUYS are dumbfounded, but pretend that this overwhelmingly good news is nothing out of the ordinary.

RADCLIFFE

Thank you, sir.

CEO

Okay. Now, get out of my office.

BOTH leap from their seats. And, in unison...

BOTH

Yessir.

RAD and THOMAS bump into each other, hurrying out the DOOR.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

30 EXT. NETWORK FRONT ENTRANCE -- DAY

30

RAD and THOMAS fly out the REVOLVING DOORS, striding at a good clip. They walk nearly SHOULDER to BOUNDING SHOULDER.

THOMAS

Do you have enough raw footage for a new segment?

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE

Not really.

THOMAS

What are we gonna do? That one clip worked way faster than I ever would have thought.

RADCLIFFE

I know. We'll have to get the boys together and figure something out.

THOMAS

Can you get them all together this quickly?

RAD whips out his CELLPHONE and flips to SNAPCHAT.

RADCLIFFE

Of course I can. I'll just deploy the Signal.

RAD calls up an image of a MÖBIUS STRIP in his PHONE and sends a private chat to the gang. Then, a SAIL BOAT drifts by RAD's screen.

CUT TO:

31 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- UP AT THE BAR -- DAY 31

A HAND pulls out a PHONE from his POCKET to display the BOAT SIGNAL.

CUT TO:

32 INT. PING PONG CHARLIE'S -- CONTINUOUS 32

A HAND by the PING PONG TABLE pulls out its PHONE to reveal the BOAT SIGNAL.

CUT TO:

33 THREE PANES -- CONTINUOUS 33

Three VERTICAL PANES fill the screen. EACH reveals a HAND holding a PHONE displaying the BOAT SIGNAL. From left to right, each HAND flips to plainly display that same MÖBIUS STRIP and DRIFTING BOAT SIGNAL on their respective SCREENS.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

34 INT. SAIL LOFT -- DAY -- 30 MINUTES LATER 34

RAD sits in the middle of all the BOYS he just beckoned by way of their BOAT SIGNAL. THOMAS sits off to the side.

Their all backdropped by a large WINDOW outside of which an actual SAIL BOAT drifts by, in the harbor.

RADCLIFFE

Gentlemen, thank you all for meeting me here on such short notice. As some of you may know, I uploaded one of our 'get weird.' clips to The Network last night. I merely meant it as a goof, but the clip earned huge numbers overnight. The CEO wants to see more. I asked you all here today to make sure you were in. Once you're in, you have to commit fully. We're going to up the shooting schedule. If you're with me, just assume we're rolling. Is that OK with everyone?

BIG MOE

Yea buddy.

Others GRUMBLE an affirmative.

C.U. RAD (EXCITED)

RADCLIFFE

OK, then. 'gettin' weird.'s now officially the new norm.

CUT TO:

35 INT. WORKSHOP -- AT THE WORKBENCH -- DAY 35

A ROUND METALLIC OBJECT, with a STEEL PEG across its diameter rests lifeless on a wooden workbench.

RAD V.O.

I often think of the linchpin. Alone, it's just a tiny piece of metal. It can't perform any

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAD V.O. (cont'd)  
 profound task by itself.

A CRAFTSMEN picks up the LINCHPIN and FASTENS it to the end of a WHEEL AXLE.

RAD V.O.  
 Yet, without it, an entire wheel  
 and axle won't work.

The CRAFTSMEN spins the WHEEL, once the PIN is fastened to the end of the axle.

RAD V.O.  
 The precise bend of the rim, the  
 interlacing spokes and the strong  
 axle are all far more complex,  
 working in concert with one another  
 to spin smoothly round...

The SPINNING WHEEL emits a fluid clicking sound, like a 10-speed bike.

RAD V.O.  
 ... yet, all would be for naught,  
 if that little linchpin was not  
 fastened in place.

The CRAFTSMEN swiftly PULLS the LINCHPIN from the axle.

Still spinning, the WHEEL FLIES of its axle.

BACK TO:

36 INT. SAIL LOFT -- DAY

36

The BOYZ disperse, RAD at their NUCLEAR CENTER. RAD stares directly into the CAMERA from WIDE.

RAD V.O.  
 'get weird.' would be a concert of  
 overlapping thoughts, jokes, quips,  
 anecdotes. And, without me, the  
 whole system would fly off the  
 handle. Without the boyz, I'd have  
 no purpose. Without the wheel and  
 spokes, the linchpin is  
 indistinguishable from any other  
 hunk of metal...

(CONTINUED)

RAD grabs MURPH's shoulder before he leaves with the rest.

RADCLIFFE  
Murph, what do you think? Poker  
game tonight?

MURPH  
If we can get enough people.

RAD raises his EYEBROW and glances to CAMERA.

RADCLIFFE  
I know I can get my buddy Thomas.  
I'll even host, if that makes  
things easier.

RAD pulls out of the exchange with MURPH.

RADCLIFFE  
(raising his voice)  
Gentlemen, poker at my place  
tonight.

CUT TO:

37 INT. RAD'S APT. -- NIGHT

37

MOVIERAIN: BOOM CAM PULLS IN, DESCENDING UPON THE GREEN FELT

TWO ROUND TABLES covered in felt host two circles of  
CHATTERING GAMBLERS and CLATTERING CHIPS.

At TABLE 1, MURPH and VALENTINE are the two remaining in a  
mammoth pot. They're both committed.

The DEALER lays down the final RIVER CARD on the most  
crucial Hold 'Em hand of the night.

MURPH pushes all-in. VALENTINE calls, without hesitation.  
Both FLIP their two-card HANDS.

MURPH holds his HEAD in disbelief of what VALENTINE has  
revealed.

MURPH  
(red-faced)  
You were holding onto deuce-3 that  
entire hand? I can't believe you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)  
sucked out at the end!

VALENTINE sits there sheepishly. WOODY over at TABLE 2 senses the rising tension between the two card players.

WOODY  
(off camera)  
What's a matter, Murph?.. Is he a river rat?

TEMPO RISING:

38

MONTAGE: MOVIERAIN

38

Show various quick shots of clips in the MOVIERAIN.

PAN DOWN THE BAR AT THE DREAD PIRATE DRAGON

RAD HOSTS A ROOF DECK PARTY

AERIAL SHOT above a crowd on the roof deck. The CROWD collectively holds up their RED SOLO CUPS and CHEERS.

RAD HANGS HIS ARM AROUND COKE BOTTLES IN THE VIDEO UNDERGROUND

BOTH are smiling.

RAD V.O.  
There was really no method to it.  
The feel for quality shots just seemed to come, as long as we were having fun. And maybe now, at the Network, they'd let me get in the booth!

RAD'S BACK IN THE COTTAGE-STYLE APARTMENT

RAD has his arm around BROWNIE. While BOTH SMILE into shot, the LOGO on RAD's formally BLANK HAT changes, via augmented reality.

First, the LOGO is a LADYBUG, then it's the RED SOX 'B,' then it says "BROWNIE SUX."

(CONTINUED)



RAD V.O.

So this is what success feels like.

39 EXT. SALEM STREET -- DAY

39

TOURISTS and HIPSTER YUPPIES fill the street, even more than usual.

A strange arrangement of BRICKS hangs, amidst torn POSTER ADVERTISEMENTS plastered all over the Neighborhood's brick walls. The arrangement resembles a SNAPCODE, but it's TATTERED, appearing much older than Snapchat.

The HIPSTER CHICK and her DOUCHEY BF seem to be leading the TRENDY RABBLE.

RAD V.O.

Although, there did seem to be some repercussions to the Olde Neighborhood's newfound fame. I'm noticing an influx in foot traffic... and so did The King.

CUT TO:

40 INT. KING IN THE NORTH END'S LAIR -- DAY

40

The KING sits at his LEATHER THRONE, flanked by TWO of his MEN. He's looking down at RAD, opposite him.

THE KING

Are you the one responsible for our neighborhood's popularity lately?

RADCLIFFE

(shrunk)

I may be, sir. I've been running clips of the weekly segment called 'get weird.' on Network channels. I think it has struck a chord with some of the hip youths in the area.

THE KING

I've received a few complaints from some of my subjects. Can you contain this thing? As a local, you should know better than anyone,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE KING (cont'd)

that this is a sacred place. What I provide to my constituents is a safe bubble, hermetically sealed from the outward bullshit that longs to penetrate the good Olde Neighborhood's hallowed and fragile walls. You get it, kid? I am the forcefield Faraday Cage around this fuckin' place! No cellphones. No foreign radio waves of any kind. This is the Old Country incarnate. And I aim to keep it that way. The rest of this lost world is drowning in a sea of digital information. And, yet, I keep this Olde Neighborhood analog. Much like the virgin airwaves, untainted by greater society's static each good citizen of this neighborhood enjoys... are we clear?

RADCLIFFE

I-I know, sir. We're trying to keep shooting locations more exclusive. We're also not divulging where they are ahead of time.

THE KING

(craning his neck)

And what's this I hear about a ghost? Tommy!

The KING leans back to the MAN on his RIGHT.

THE KING

What was that Mrs. LaTruglia was saying? She said she saw a ghost in the laundromat?

TOMMY

(soft-spoken)

Yes, that's correct.

RADCLIFFE

I haven't heard anything about that, sir. But we'll look into it. I assure you we're keeping this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE (cont'd)  
thing contained. I love my show,  
but the Neighborhood comes first.

THE KING  
Fuckin' right. OK, good. You're a  
good boy, Rad. I trust that you  
will control this thing.

C.U. RADCLIFFE, SWEAT BEADS FORMING ON HIS BROW

RADCLIFFE  
I'm on it.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

41 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY

41

RAD and THOMAS work diligently, back-to-back, in their POD.  
A few HIP CORRESPONDENTS walk past their station,  
congratulating the TWO on their newfound fame.

GIANNA  
(gliding by)  
Hey Rad, saw 'get weird.' Congrats,  
man. I love it.

RAD looks up from his desk.

RADCLIFFE  
(slightly nodding)  
Thanks, thank you.

THOMAS glances back at RAD.

The S&P LADY strides by in the opposite direction. PHONES  
RING in the distance.

S&P LADY  
Great job, guys. Can't wait for the  
next ep. Just make sure to keep it  
clean.

RAD and THOMAS look up and half smile, a little DAZED by the  
S&P LADY's beauty.

RAD finally breaks free from his work and SLIDES a few  
inches away from his DESK. He LOOKS BACK.

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE

Thomas, you wanna hear something weird?

THOMAS

(looking back out the corner of his eyes)

I know, I can't believe these clips were this successful, this fast.

RADCLIFFE

No, you know what The King told me?

THOMAS

What?

RADCLIFFE

Since we've been broadcasting 'get weird.' I guess there's been multiple ghost sightings in the neighborhood.

THOMAS

Huh? How could those two be related?

RADCLIFFE

I have no idea, but The King seemed to think they were connected. I told him I'd take care of it.

THOMAS

What are we supposed to do?

RADCLIFFE

Keep our eyes peeled, I suppose.

THOMAS

We filming again tonight?

RADCLIFFE

I think we have to. The people want it.

THOMAS

OK. Lemme know where to meet.

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE  
(turning back to his work)  
Will do.

THOMAS  
Where's LBD 7.0, by the way?

RADCLIFFE  
Oh, I lent him to Lorenzo.

42 EXT. PRINCE STREET -- DAY

42

An OBNOXIOUS LOCAL is walking around saying 'Hi' to everybody on the STREET, as if he knows everyone. He proudly wears a BANDANA, and speaks in a THICK CITY DIALECT.

This is MOVIERAIN footage, as the beetle droid swoops and hovers around LORENZO, as he walks along the street.

The obnoxious local LORENZO sets down at the foot of a STOOP on SALEM STREET.

LORENZO  
(to: off camera)  
Hey, hun, you go to my pahhty last  
Sat-dee?

It's unclear to whom he's talking.

LORENZO looks directly into the LENS.

LORENZO  
OK, let's go into Tony's over here.

LORENZO leads the LBD 7.0 further down the street and into a DELI. TONY's working behind the GLASS COUNTER encasing various MEATS, LIT UP.

LORENZO leans on the glass.

LORENZO  
Hey, Tony, you seen any weird  
happenings going on lately?

INTERCUT WITH:

43 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- CONTINUOUS

43

THOMAS

You sure that was good to lend such an important piece of equipment to *that* guy?

RADCLIFFE

Since we've upped the volume on 'get weird.' segments, we needed the B-roll.

THOMAS

Okayyyy.

RADCLIFFE

Relax. LB will be fine. I have a GPS running on him to alert me of anything out of the ordinary.

RAD holds his phone to THOMAS to display a small RED BLINKING DOT over the Olde Neighborhood map.

RADCLIFFE

I'm hoping too, with the heightened surveillance of the area, we can get to the bottom of these mysterious ghost sightings.

BACK TO:

44 EXT. SALEM STREET -- OUTSIDE TONY'S DELI -- CONTINUOUS

44

TONY

Nah, Lorenzo, nuthin' out of the ordinary over here.

LORENZO

Alright, man. You let me know if you see anything, OK?

LORENZO exits the deli with EXAGGERATED SWAGGER.

LORENZO

(to no one in particular)  
We gotta find out what's goin' on over here in this neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

LORENZO continues up the street. From the POV of LBD 7.0, who's hovering over his right shoulder, we see ENDLESS BRICKS flowing by its FISH EYE LENS.

All of a sudden, LORENZO stops, upon rounding the corner to one of the smaller side streets, which looks like a DARK ALLEY WAY.

LORENZO stops dead in his tracks and STARES BLANKLY at the brick wall.

C.U. LORENZO' STUPID FACE

LORENZO  
What the hell is this?

Still C.U. of LORENZO, holding PHONE up to his ear.

LORENZO  
(into: phone)  
Rad, you gotta come see this.

HARD CUT TO BLACK

45

EXT. DARK SIDE STREET -- OLDE NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

45

RAD, THOMAS and LORENZO stand looking up. All three of THEIR FACES in deep contemplation.

FLASH CUT TO THE BRICK WALL

BACK TO THE GENTLEMEN

THOMAS  
It kind of looks like a Snapcode.

RADCLIFFE  
But that's impossible, right? This thing is way too old. It has to predate that technology.

LORENZO  
I know this neighborhood like the back of my hand, G. I ain't never seen this thing before. But the way it looks, it's like it's been here forevah.

(CONTINUED)

RAD holds his PHONE VIEWFINDER up so that the mysterious code, which looks like SQUARE of BRAILLE DOTS, is framed in the middle of his SCREEN.

RADCLIFFE

Only one way to find out if this is anything.

RAD snaps the code. A FLASH of WHITE LIGHT. Then, a mysterious profile appears on RAD's SCREEN. He shows it to LORENZO.

RADCLIFFE

You ever heard of this guy?

LORENZO

(shaking his head)

Nah.

The PROFILE NAME reads: "78045."

RADCLIFFE

Just seems like a random number. I wonder if it's a glitch.

THOMAS

Just accept the friend, and see what happens. That's the only way we'll know for sure.

RAD taps his TOUCHSCREEN.

RADCLIFFE

(looks up at the other two)

Here goes nothing.

A BEAT

THOMAS

Does the account already have any stories?

RAD pulls the phone closer to his face, SQUINTING.

RADCLIFFE

Yeah, actually.



LORENZO

Fuckin' play it!

C.U. RAD'S PHONE

It's from the POV of a man walking up a street that could be from their neighborhood. BRICKS fly by on either side of the road, as he briskly moves. He's BREATHING HEAVILY.

GHOST

(in phone)

OK, if you're watching this story, then you've accepted my friend request, from the breadcrumb snapcode I embedded in the brick wall. Look, I don't expect you to understand this right now, but we need to arrange a live chat through this channel. Exchanging stories back and forth simply won't fly. In order to do this, I'm going to need you to do exactly as I say, at exactly the precise time I say, and in exactly the precise place. We're going to link our phones. Look down at your wristwatch. Make a mental note of whatever time it reads riiigght... now!

The STORY ends. RAD's screen goes BLACK.

All three GENTLEMEN look at each other.

LORENZO

This shit's heavy.

RADCLIFFE

Easy there, Marty McFly. This could be nothing. Could be a prank. Who knows nowadays? Plus, Thomas and I can't worry about this too much today. It will distract us from our latest shoot.

(CONTINUED)

LORENZO

Oh yeah? What's that?

C.U. RAD

RADCLIFFE

I got an email today from the CEO. Due to the meteoric success of 'get weird.' he's granting us a full half-hour slot on Network prime-time. Thomas and I have to film our opus.

LORENZO

Shit ya! Can I be in it?

RADCLIFFE

(gravely serious)

I think this one is going to be all hands on deck.

LORENZO

(chuckling)

Rad, you ahh a fahkin' clown, kid.

HARD CUT TO BLACK

46 EXT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT

46

MOVIERAIN:

CAMERA boom swoops in from above the FRONT ENTRANCE.

ANGLE ON JUST ABOVE THE DOOR

C.U. SIGN

The SIGN HANGS, swinging in the wind, a painted black, wooden shield. It displays, simply, a GREEN DRAGON wearing a PIRATE HAT.

SIGN SQUEAKS on its metal hinges.

The FRONT DOOR opens. CAMERA SWOOPS into the bar, which is well-lit, from the dark, night sky outside.

(CONTINUED)

RAD V.O.

Tonight, we are on a mission. And  
it's to release Tiers, from the  
unsuspecting DON.

A WAITRESS walks by CAMERA, then ZOOM IN on DON sitting  
alone at the BAR.

C.U. DON AND HIS THOUSAND-MILE STARE, SLOWLY

RAD V.O.

You see, we needed Tiers to  
reappear. There have been several  
recorded appearances of this force  
of nature known only as 'Tiers,'  
since I've known Don.

FLASH CUT:

47 EXT. COMEDY CONNECTION -- JUST OUTSIDE MAIN ENTRANCE 47

BILL BURR's shakes hands with AUDIENCE MEMBERS funneling out  
of the venue.

TIERS, who's blacked out, RUNS UP to BURR. TIERS promptly  
lifts his SHIRT.

RAD V.O.

The time he blacked out at Burr.

TIERS

Dude! Sign my chest.

BILL BURR

(looking away in disgust)  
I don't sign dude's chests.

BACK TO:

48 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 48

DON slowly takes a SIP from his MUG.

SLOWLY ZOOM IN on DON.

(CONTINUED)

RAD V.O.

The time we went bar-hopping  
through the Neighborhood.

FLASH CUT:

49 INT. DANCE CLUB -- NIGHT

49

TIERS has his ARMS WRAPPED around ANVIL on the DARK DANCE  
FLOOR bathed in DISCO BALL LIGHTS.

TIERS is PUPPETEERING ANVIL, who's dancing to the TECHNO  
BEAT.

TIERS

Whooo!

RAD V.O.

...Which was also the time he  
puppeteered ANVIL to the beat of  
Rihanna's "We Found Love."

BACK TO:

50 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

50

RAD V.O.

On all of those nights, and several  
others, the right mix -- a  
Goldilocks concoction of  
ingredients -- gelled just so to  
release TIERS! upon our world. He  
was a uniter. An animal, and all-  
around great time. And this was  
something we needed now, within the  
shared history of our friends.  
Life, respective to each of us, had  
imposed its way onto now too many  
occasions. People were dropping  
off, more and more. My linchpin  
expertise was becoming less  
relevant or needed. And we were all  
the worse for it.

TIERS takes ANOTHER SIP from his BEER. A little DRIBBLES  
onto his BUSINESS CAZH TIE and LIGHT-BLUE DRESS SHIRT.

(CONTINUED)

TIERS GLANCES DOWN, bewildered at his shirt and DABS the STAIN with his NAPKIN. FROWNING.

RAD V.O.

We needed Tiers to save the crew. I had played back the times of all previous appearances to identify these summoning factors. I hadn't quite mastered the correct concoction of libations. But in all four occurrences, it had been raining.

C.U. THE FOGGY OPAQUE WINDOW ABOVE THE BAR

RAINDROPS lightly hit the GLASS.

SWISH PAN back to LORD BARRETH, sitting TWO STOOLS down from DON. RADCLIFFE sits on the other side of LORD BARRETH.

LORD BARRETH shovels some BAR NUTS into his mouth.

LORD BARRETH

(mouth full, to: RAD)

I can't believe how burnt I got. I was out on the boat all day in the Sun. I feel like I've got 2nd-degree burns over half my body.

SWISH PAN down the other end of the bar.

MCGILL

(Irish accent)

Hey, Barry, how's that sun burn?

LORD BARRETH

Well, I--

MCGILL

Who gives a FÖCK!

WHOLE BAR erupts in laughter.

TIERS subtly chuckles, sipping from his MUG.

RAD V.O.

You see? That right there. The old Tiers would have piggybacked right off of McGill's remark there. And now he just gently shrugs.

C.U. FRONT DOOR

The BIG GREEN DOOR bursts open, revealing ROB, ANVIL and BIG MOE.

BIG MOE and ANVIL sit on either side of DON. ROB pulls up a STOOL on RAD's RIGHT.

ANVIL leans into DON, still sipping his mug.

ANVIL

(to: DON)

You ready to get amongst it?

DON

(wiping froth from his lip)

Nah, just having a couple. MILDRED's expecting me home in a few.

ANVIL and BIG MOE lean slightly back in their stools and LOCK EYES with RAD, also leaning back.

ROB

(to: RAD)

So what's the plan?

CONTRAZOOM ON ROB

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ROOF DECK -- DAY -- MOVIERAIN

51

TIERS is getting loaded out on the DECK watching a SOX GAME on a little TUBE TV. WIRES extrude from the NEARBY WINDOW. The CABLE BOX is inside.

TIERS instructs his friend O.S. to adjust the onscreen CHANNEL GUIDE.

(CONTINUED)

TIERS  
(spitting out beer)  
Page down!

BACK TO:

52 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT

52

RADCLIFFE  
We're going to release Tiers.

ROB  
I haven't seen him in years, kid.  
How you going to manage that?

RADCLIFFE  
I've isolated the five key  
ingredients to draw Him out.

ROB  
Oh ya?

RADCLIFFE  
He's already drinking beer:  
Ingredient One. We just need to get  
him to take a Three Wise Men shot,  
smoke weed, followed immediately by  
a cigarette.

ROB  
That's four, kid. What's the fifth  
ingredient?

RADCLIFFE  
(after a beat)  
It needs to be raining.

SWISH PAN to the OVERHEAD WINDOW above the BAR. Those few  
earlier drops are now SHEETS of RAIN CASCADING down the  
GLASS.

ROB LOOKS over at the window.

ROB  
I'll alert the others. ANVIL can  
work on the Three Wise Men. Who's  
going to get him to smoke weed,  
though?

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON the FRONT DOOR. THOMAS has just entered, shaking the WATER from his JACKET. His GLASSES are all FOGGY from the outside MIST.

RADCLIFFE

(o.s.)

I have an ace up my sleeve for that one.

THOMAS joins RAD and ROB at the BAR.

SLOWLY ZOOM OUT overhead from those THREE.

RAD V.O.

There were only two people who hated Tiers: DON BON WALTIER himself and his girlfriend, MILDRED...

C.U. DON PULLING THE PHONE TO HIS EAR

DON

(blocking noise out of his other ear)

Hello?

RAD V.O.

...They were inevitably the two that had to clean up in the wake of Tiers' warpath. Tiers was certainly a force of nature that should only be summoned on special occasions. Tonight was one such occasion...

MILDRED

(from: phone)

C'mon, DON BON. You coming home soon?

RAD V.O.

...The friends had been fading. DON (Tiers) himself I noticed had slipped into a rut. For these reasons, I, the linchpin, had to summon him once again. For the fate of the Boyz, for the fate of 'get weird.' We couldn't get quite as

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



RAD V.O. (cont'd)  
weird again, should Tiers never  
reappear.

DON  
Y- Yes, honey. Home in a few.

DON pulls the phone from his ear, and slowly PUSHES the  
hang-up button.

ANVIL  
Who was that?

DON  
MILDRED. I gotta go soon.

ANVIL  
C'mon. At least have one drink with  
me. We haven't hung out in a while,  
kid.

DON  
We're already drinking beer  
together.

ANVIL  
No. A shot. A man's drink.

DON  
Fine. Will that get you to shut up?

ANVIL stands up on the CROSS BARS at the foot of his STOOL.  
He raises his RIGHT ARM in the AIR to beckon MARY ELLEN the  
bartender.

ZOOM IN TIGHT ON ANVIL, POINTING DOWNWARD

ANVIL  
Mary Ellen, two Three Wise Men.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

53 ALL BLACK SCREEN -- CONTINUOUS

53

A NUMBERED LIST types on the screen as RAD speaks.

(CONTINUED)

RAD V.O.

We had accomplished two of the ingredients: 1. Several Miller Lites; and 2. The Three Wise Men. And, assuming that the rain was the secret fifth ingredient, that was down-pouring in droves.

DISPLAY a blank #3 and #4 SLOT.

RAD V.O.

Now, to get him to smoke.

CUT TO:

54 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

54

C.U. THOMAS LOOKING OFF INTO NOWHERE

Like the runt pup striving to reach his mother's teat, THOMAS struggles to win MARY ELLEN'S attention at the bar for a drink. He meekly raises one WAGGING FINGER, signaling in vane, while RAD narrates...

RAD V.O.

MILDRED wouldn't let DON smoke anything anymore. She said she didn't like the smell. And, for the most part, he had obeyed. Happy wife, happy life. But I happened to know that DON considered smoking a social activity. And he was hard pressed to deny the opportunity to get to know someone, under the safe cloak of outside night air, where he could steal quiet moments from the humid din haze inside the bar.

DOWN the BAR, RAD leans into THOMAS, who's now given up on a drink, is seated and back to staring off into space.

RADCLIFFE

(to: THOMAS)

Okay, now's your chance. We've got him primed up with a little beer and Three Wise Men. Offer DON a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

What if he says 'No.'?

RADCLIFFE

He won't. He can't turn down the opportunity to meet someone new. Just approach those three. ANVIL will back you up.

THOMAS dismounts from his stool and SAUNTERS over to BIG MOE, DON and ANVIL.

THOMAS

Bout to go out for a butt. Anyone want to join me?

BIG MOE

(perking up)

Yea buddy.

ANVIL

Let's go.

DON hesitates, but the other three can sense he wants to.

ANVIL pats DON on the back.

ANVIL

C'mon. One's not gonna kill ya. Who knows when we'll see you again.

DON

(shifting eyes between MOE and ANVIL)

I got a trunk full of groceries outside... but, Allright.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- BACK UNDER CANOPY

55

RAINDROPS stream down from the edges of the CANOPY out back. The FOUR MEN HUDDLE closely together under the COVER. The EMBERS of their respective BUTTS BURN distinctly.

DON, looser now, HAULS a LONG DRAG from his BUTT.

(CONTINUED)

DON  
(exhaling smoke)  
So, Thomas, you work with Rad?

THOMAS  
Yeah. We co-produce 'get weird.'

C.U. LBD 7.0 PERCHED JUST UNDER THE CANOPY

CIRCULAR PAN inside of the tight circle of the FOUR. In clockwise order, BIG MOE, ANVIL, THOMAS and DON successively inhale their CIGARETTES.

BIG MOE  
If you hung out more, you would already know that.

ANVIL chuckles while shivering. SMOKE escapes from his JITTERY LIPS.

THOMAS  
Hey, any of you guys want to smoke something else?

THOMAS reaches into his back pocket, and pulls out a SILVER ONE-HITTER.

C.U. ONE-HITTER IN THOMAS'S PALM

DON  
Oh no. MILDRED will kill me, if I come home high.

ANVIL  
Dude, you're already this far. Just one hit.

DON  
Alright, alright. I'm only doing this in honor of Thomas here.

DON takes the PIPE from THOMAS's HAND.

THOMAS  
(to: DON)  
Just hold the flame in front of the pipe and pull it in. Pull hard.

DON takes a HUGE HIT, not realizing the punch that this pipe packs. His CHEEKS fill with SMOKE.

BIG MOE  
Hold it in, kid.

A BEAT

DON releases the SMOKE in a BEVY of COUGHS and LAUGHTER.

ANVIL  
Yes! Tiers is back!

DON  
No, no. Just one hit. It will take  
a lot more to bring that prick out.

DON hands the PIPE back to THOMAS, who promptly takes a conservative TOKE and discreetly EXHALES. THOMAS hands the PIPE to BIG MOE.

BIG MOE takes a HIT equal to DON's. He GRIMACES.

BIG MOE  
(exhaling)  
Take another one, then.

ZOOM IN on the RAIN dripping from the CANOPY. The POUNDING of THICK DROPS against the CANVAS becomes deafening.

DON's PUPILS dilate a bit. He's becoming TIERS.

HOLD ON DON

ANVIL  
(o.s.)  
You've already had a Three Wise Men  
shot and a bunch of beers. Stay out  
with us, kid. Who knows when this  
will happen again.

FLASH CUT:

56

INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- UP AT THE BAR -- NIGHT

56

MARY ELLEN holds three bottles of WHISKEY, pouring into a SCOTCH GLASS.

(CONTINUED)

SLO MO: The BROWN LIQUIDS coalesce in the GLASS, crashing and splashing into one potent concoction.

FLASH CUT:

57 C.U. CIGARETTE 57

The end of the BUTT lights up into BRILLIANT ORANGE.

We hear the sound of a JET ENGINE revving up.

BACK TO:

58 EXT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- BACK UNDER CANOPY -- CONT. 58

DON  
Gimme the pipe.

ANVIL and BIG MOE rejoice in unison:

BOTH  
Yesss!

Upon that toke, ANVIL and BIG MOE promptly finish their butts and return to the warmth inside.

THOMAS and DON/TIERS remain outside to finish theirs and continue the conversation.

CUT TO:

59 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 59

BIG MOE and ANVIL enter from the back. They find stools next to RAD.

RADCLIFFE  
How'd it go?

ANVIL  
Mission accomplished.

RADCLIFFE  
Really? Is he Tiers yet?

ANVIL  
Too early to tell. He's still out back talking to Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

BIG MOE  
(slowly sipping his beer)  
It's only a matter of time.

ZOOM IN slowly on the WINDOW OVERHEAD, as the RAIN pours down on the outside glass. We hear the cold liquid PELTING on the smooth, hard surface.

DON and THOMAS burst through the BACK DOOR, at the tail end of some joke THOMAS just told.

DON  
(slurring slightly)  
Ahh ha ha.. that's a good one.

THOMAS follows DON through the DOOR. THOMAS wears a GRIN pleased with landing his joke.

THOMAS meanders over to RAD, while DON finds a STOOL at the OTHER END of the GENTLEMEN.

RADCLIFFE  
(to: THOMAS)  
Is he Tiers yet?

THOMAS  
Ummm... I don't know. I've never met 'Tiers.' He's pretty much the same since we went out there though.

RAD LEANS BACK

RADCLIFFE  
DON, how you feeling?

DON  
(looking up from his drink)  
Good, good. I gotta go soon, though.

RADCLIFFE  
Yuh.

RAD leans forward into the HUDDLE.

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE  
(whispering)  
Fuck. We don't have much time.

CUT TO:

60 BLANK SPACE -- A BROWN BACKDROP 60

C.U. OF A HAND HOLDING A LINCHPIN

THE HAND slowly half ROTATES the LINCHPIN, as its METALLIC FINISH GLISTENS in the REFLECTING LIGHT.

RAD V.O.  
I am still the linchpin. But without the wheel of activity, our show is nothing more than a hunk of shiny metal. Tiers needed to get the wheel turning once again.

CUT TO:

61 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- UP AT THE BAR -- NIGHT 61

C.U. RAD

PULL OUT to reveal RAD holding a RED DIE. He holds it close to his eye and then carefully places it on top of NAPKIN DISPENSER at EYE LEVEL.

POV FROM THE RED DIE

RADCLIFFE  
(to: DIE/CAMERA)  
Why was Tiers pivotal for reuniting the boys?

CUT TO:

62 INT. RAD'S APT. -- NIGHT 62

ONLY a few GUYS are sat around RAD's POKER TABLE. The landscape is SPREAD OUT and SPARSE. Everyone moves in SLOW MOTION.

(CONTINUED)



RAD V.O.

Guys had been backing out more and more. Their 'family lives' and other supposedly more important obligations took precedent over what was once what we looked forward to: the pure get-together. A chance to let loose. A chance to truly be ourselves. A chance to 'get weird.'

As RAD V.O.'s, more and more GUYS disappear from the TABLE.

CUT TO:

63 INT. RAD'S APT. -- NIGHT

63

RADCLIFFE sits alone, one ONE SIDE of the PLUSH COUCH. He's slowly clicking through channels, with a BLANK STARE.

His EYES look TIRED.

RAD V.O.

'get weird.' was really all I had. At least the other guys had lives to return to. The show was more of the gravy on their mashed potatoes. For me, it was everything. If I didn't have this programme to produce, what was my purpose?

The CAMERA's overhead RAD, as he continues to CLICK. He looks directly into CAMERA. Apprehensively, at the utterance of '...PURPOSE.'

BACK TO:

64 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

64

DON walks back to the bar, from the BATHROOM.

He LOCKS EYES on the RED DIE RAD is currently TALKING TO, from across the ROOM.

C.U. TIERS' PUPIL

A reflection of the RED DIE appears in his eye's LIQUID BLACK CENTER. We hear that same JET ENGINE SOUND as TIERS'

(CONTINUED)

PUPIL DILATES.

C.U. RED DIE

THE DIE'S set atop a NAPKIN DISPENSER on the bar. RAIN PELTS the WINDOW in the background of the RED DIE.

SPLIT SCREEN: RED DIE and its reflection in TIERS' EYE.

LIGHTNING STRIKES outside the window. The BOLT lights up the WINDOW and ILLUMINATES the slightly transparent RED DIE's reflection in TIERS' EYE.

EUREKA!

A ZEN EXPRESSION washes over TIERS' (formerly DON's) FACE.

TIERS  
(like the Nature Boy)  
Whooooo!

TIERS bursts from his PERCH and BEE LINES over to the RED DIE. He SWIPES IT from its PEDESTAL, shaking it PROFUSELY in his HAND.

He runs over to a BARE SPACE of WALL by the floor and HURLS the DIE against it. The DIE ricochets off the wall and ROLLS back ERRATICALLY toward TIERS' feet. DIE sets on the number TWO.

TIERS  
(arching back)  
You guys wanna play some dice??

GENTLEMEN  
(in unison)  
Yes!

ROB  
He's back!

TIERS CHICKEN WALKS, like MICK JAGGER, in and around the BOYS all gathered around the bar. TIERS sticks his finger up THOMAS's butt. THOMAS's entire torso contorts at the shock of this violation.

TIERS  
 (to: THOMAS)  
 Just checking your oil!

TIERS disappears into the crowd of his BOYZ as they cheer him on.

RAD V.O.  
 Of course. It was the red die that reminded him.

FLASHBACK:

65 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- DAY -- MANY MOONS AGO

65

TIERS and RAD are sat at the bar. It's clearly a while ago.

RADCLIFFE  
 Yeah, I just set red dice like this one all around the bar. These represent the focal points.

TIERS  
 And then we just do whatever? We don't have to worry about getting the right shot or ask 'was the sound good?' or retake it or wonder 'how is the lighting?'

RADCLIFFE  
 Correct. Life isn't about how good you look. It's about being in the moment. These dice allow us the best of both worlds. We can have fun and not worry about it. And then I bat cleanup in post.

TIERS  
 (turning to the crowd standing behind the barstools)  
 Alllright! Time to get weirrrrrrd!

ZOOM IN on TIERS holding on "Weeeiiiirrrrddd...."

BACK TO:

66 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- PRESENT DAY 66

C.U. TIERS

We can still hear a FAINT ECHO of TIERS screaming  
'Weeeeiirrrd...' in the PAST.

TIERS  
(to: BOYZ)  
Let's. Get. Weeeeiirrrrddd!

TIERS beelines out the PIRATE DRAGON's FRONT DOOR and into  
the DOWNPOUR of MOVIERAIN...

MOVIERAIN:

67 MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF TIERS' BARHOPPING TO NEIGHBORHOOD HAUNTS 67

Upon TIERS' EXIT of the DREAD PIRATE DRAGON, we FREEZE FRAME  
on the RAIN.

ZOOM IN on a single DROPLET suspended in TIME.

Within the DROP reveals TIERS first destination from the  
PIRATE DRAGON.

CUT TO:

68 INT. SAIL LOFT -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 68

TIERS barges into the DINING ROOM, COSMO KRAMER-style.

To get the CROWD's attention, TIERS belts out a GUTTURAL  
GRUNT.

TIERS  
(to: no one in particular)  
Woowwwwwwww!

The DINERS look up.

A BEAT

C.U. TIERS

TIERS  
Wowwww!!

TIERS promptly exits.

(CONTINUED)

ZOOM IN on the RAIN PELTED WINDOW and THROUGH to the WATER it overlooks.

FREEZE FRAME on another DROPLET, mid-fall.

ZOOM IN on the DROP to reveal TIERS' next destination: THE BARBERSHOP.

CUT TO:

69

INT. BARBER SHOP -- NIGHT

69

A KINGSMAN sits in the BARBER CHAIR. ROCCO trims the TOP of his HEAD. KINGSMAN stares at HIS REFLECTION in the MIRROR.

AN OLD MAN'S VOICE crackles loudly over the SPEAKERPHONE, audible to the entire shop.

OLD MAN PHONE

Where's Rocco?

GUITANO, manning the second chair, chimes into the LOUDSPEAKER's question.

GUITANO

(yelling into the phone mic)

He's cuttin' hair.

ZOOM IN on the SPEAKERPHONE.

OLD MAN PHONE

(canned voice)

That kid's always workin'. Madòn...  
tell him he needs to get out more.

ROCCO chuckles, but keeps his hands steady, clipping away, on the stoic KINGSMAN.

TIERS BURSTS INTO THE SHOP

BOTH BARBERS look up.

TIERS

Wassaahhhh??

GUITANO  
                  (still clipping)  
          Ehhh! Tiers is back!

                  TIERS  
          Whooooo!

TIERS exits the shop, as DOORBELLS CHIME on his tails.

C.U. SPEAKERPHONE

                  OLD MAN PHONE  
          Who's that?

ZOOM IN and THROUGH the FRONT WINDOW to the RAIN.

FREEZE FRAME on another DROPLET. It contains the interior of a local ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

CONTINUE ZOOM

CUT TO:

70

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

70

A BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS leans slowly into her PODIUM at the front of the SHOP, by the LOUNGE BAR.

TIERS bursts in. Upon witnessing this GODDESS in front of him, he quickly cleans up his act.

                  TIERS  
                  (the perfect gentleman)  
          Um, excuse me, miss. Would you  
          happen to have any Grey Poupon?

GODDESS SMILES and leans back ever so slightly at her POST. Her LONG BLONDE LOCKS gently sway.

                  GODDESS  
                  (slight giggle)  
          Ummm, no I don't think we have that  
          here?

                  TIERS  
                  (bowing)  
          Then, I bid you adieu.

(CONTINUED)

TIERS MOONWALKS out of the establishment.

PULL THROUGH the restaurant's FRONT WINDOW. It's still RAINING heavily.

CUT TO:

71

EXT. SALEM STREET -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

71

At the end of the street, stands TONY'S DELI. YELLOW LIGHT GLOWS out into the MISTY FALLING RAIN, from inside the DELI.

TIERS rounds the corner and STANDS directly in front of TONY'S GLOWING WINDOW.

C.U. TIERS FROM THE GROUND LOOKING UP

TIERS breathes heavily. MIST escapes from his mouth with each HEAVY EXHALE. STEAM rises from his MOUTH, HIS HEAD and the rest of his SOAKED BODY.

The MIST rises to form a HALO around his head, BACKLIT by TONY'S DELI LIGHT.

At TIERS' last EXHALE...

SWISH PAN to RAD rounding the corner down the other end of SALEM. RAD has finally caught up to TIERS.

They LOCK EYES from either end of the STREET.

SPLIT SCREEN: TIERS BREATHING HEAVILY W/

RAD WITNESSING TIERS IN HIS ELEMENT

They both SMILE when they see each other.

Still backdropped by his GOOEY GLOWING HALO, TIERS puts his fists on his WAIST to make his ARMS into WINGS.

TIERS BOBS his HEAD and walks BACK-and-FORTH like MICK JAGGER CHICKEN WALKING up and down the STAGE.

Still at the other end of the street, RAD raises his FIST in the air silently and slowly. A SMILE still across his FACE. He's successfully brought back TIERS.

(CONTINUED)

RAD V.O.

That's all, folks. We had set out to summon the almighty Tiers and have succeeded. There is hope for the crew yet. Long live 'get weird.'

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

72 INT. PING PONG CHARLIE'S -- NIGHT

72

The BLACK is replaced by the BLACK SCREEN of PING PONG's CHARLIE's 72-inch PLASMA. We've exited MOVIERAIN, back to the real world.

The sentence 'GET WEIRD.' appears in WHITE LOWERCASE TYPE on an otherwise black screen.

O.S. WE HEAR CHEERS FROM THE BOYS

SWISH PAN round to reveal PING PONG CHARLIE's viewing room of PLUSH SECTIONAL COUCHES packed with the BOYS, 'get weird.' CAST MATES and NEIGHBORHOOD FANS.

RAD sits in a BARCALOUNGER in the middle of the CHEERING CROWD.

RADCLIFFE

(sitting up a bit)

Well, guys, what do you think? Do we have our first full episode?

ROB

Oh ya.

WOODY

Yaaaa, ked.

DON

(slowly raising a No. 1 in the air)

Shit was siiick.

SWISH PAN over the CHARLIE donning his HEADSET by the MICS.

CHARLIE pulls a MIC to his MOUTH.

(CONTINUED)



CHARLIE

Alright, neighborhood. That was the first official full episode of 'get weird.' As always, you have roughly 12 hours to get back to Rad with any objections. If we don't hear from anyone, in that time, we'll go to the Network with the director's cut.

RAD gets up from his comfy seat, which JOSTLES a bit on his dismount. RAD walks over to THOMAS who had been sitting at the OUTSKIRTS of the VIEWING PARTY.

RADCLIFFE

(to: THOMAS)

Ready to go?

THOMAS

Already?

RADCLIFFE

Yeah, I always feel weird hanging around the guys, immediately after a viewing party. I can't explain it.

THOMAS

It's cool. I hate big crowds.

RADCLIFFE

We got some more editing to do anyway, if we're going to get this cut to the Network by midday tomorrow too.

THOMAS and RAD pull the IRISH EXIT, while the BOYS still TALK and JOKE among themselves, and CHARLIE continues his neighborhood broadcast.

CUT TO:

73

INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY

73

RAD's putting the final touches on his and THOMAS's opus ep. RAD's face is buried into his computer screen. THOMAS types

(CONTINUED)

away opposite RAD.

THOMAS  
(still typing)  
How are those edits coming?

RADCLIFFE  
Good. Almost done. I just have to--

Just then, RAD's PHONE VIBRATES on the desk.

RADCLIFFE  
Hold that thought. The Ghost just  
uploaded a new story.

THOMAS  
Ok, well, don't let that distract  
you. We only have a few hours until  
deadline.

RADCLIFFE  
(looking down at his phone)  
The ep.'s going to have to wait.

THOMAS  
Why?

RAD displays his PHONE SCREEN to THOMAS.

C.U. RAD'S PHONE

The SCREEN READS: "Remember what time it was when you viewed  
my last story? Add exactly 48 hours to that and meet me at  
the same rendezvous point at precisely that time."

RADCLIFFE  
(o.s.)  
We're going to meet the Ghost.

C.U. THOMAS

THOMAS  
(thinking out loud)  
Forty-eight hours from the first  
story. That's like an hour from  
now.

C.U. RAD

RADCLIFFE  
 (slowly nodding)  
 Precisely.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. DARK SIDE STREET -- OLDE NEIGHBORHOOD -- 1 HOUR LATER 74

RAD and THOMAS stand in front of that same mysterious SNAPCODE chiseled into the BRICK WALL.

RAD looks down at his HANDHELD PHONE.

RADCLIFFE  
 According to the Ghost's instructions, I'm to hold my phone up to this wall code again, and hit 'record' in about 30 seconds.

THOMAS  
 Hope this works. We're losing valuable editing time.

RADCLIFFE  
 (now holding the phone in front of him)  
 It'll work. We just have to have faith.

RAD glances at the WRISTWATCH on his OTHER HAND. He focuses the now RECORDING PHONE with WALL SNAPCODE in view.

The SECOND HAND on the WRISTWATCH ticks down to the precise rendezvous time.

The SECOND HAND hits 58 seconds, 59...

RADCLIFFE  
 C'monnnnn...

At 00 seconds, RAD's PHONE SCREEN washes completely WHITE. The WHITE clears and reveals the same scene from before. At first, nothing appears to have changed. But then, RAD and THOMAS hear a voice coming from the PHONE...

(CONTINUED)

GHOST

(from: PHONE)

Can you hear me? Can you hear me?

RADCLIFFE

(looking at THOMAS)

Y-Yes. We can. Where are you?

GHOST

I'm in the very same spot you're standing in, but in a different dimension...

RAD's SCREEN now depicts the GHOST moving out of the alley to the STREET, though RAD and THOMAS have remained stationary on their end.

GHOST

OK, I don't know how long this signal is going to last. So I'll be quick. The year is 2033. Your current experiment with the 4D-recorded show, 'get weird.' will initiate a rift in the spacetime continuum, once it hits a mass audience. Right now, with your minimal, but growing viewership, you're merely creating minor gravitational ripples. Those ripples, and the unmistakable capsule that is the King's Neighborhood, are what allowed me to detect your dimension's signal, in fact. I then planted that ancient Snapcode, via its historical database. It would appear very old to you, but it's from the future. I need you to do two things: (1) Don't release your opus episode on the NETWORK's prime-time slot. I know it's a masterpiece. I know it all too well. But that grand exposure will set a series of events into motion that ultimately usher in a post-Truth era. Nothing. Not even

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GHOST (cont'd)  
reality itself can be trusted.  
Fabrication technology has  
surpassed the discernment of the  
human lens. Needless to say, this  
awesome power has been exploited...

RAD and THOMAS look at each other BEWILDERED.

THOMAS  
(to: RAD)  
You tore the Universe a new  
asshole.

RADCLIFFE  
(to: PHONE)  
So you're from the future? How is  
that possible?

GHOST  
I can explain that later. Right  
now, I need to make sure you don't  
release that 'get weird.' ep to the  
Network.

RADCLIFFE  
(not ready yet to accept this)  
You said there was a second thing?

GHOST  
Yes. I need you to help me perform  
a retinal sync via our phones. That  
will allow me to leap from this  
bogus reality into yours. Of  
course, if you air the latest 'get  
weird.' none of this will be  
possible. And history will be  
doomed to repeat itself.

RADCLIFFE  
A retinal sync? And whose retina  
will you be syncing with?

GHOST  
Thomas's. I am Thomas from the  
future.

RAD looks over at THOMAS, who's DUMBFOUNDED.

THOMAS

(whispering)

I'm Future Boy? I have so many questions.

GHOST

(to: RAD)

No time for that now. I need you to promise me that you won't air that episode.

RADCLIFFE

How do I know this isn't a hoax? If I do what you say, it will likely cost me my job. And if it turns out you were wrong or are lying to me, this will be all for naught. This is a big ask.

GHOST

I know. I know. You just need to have faith.

RAD and THOMAS remember RAD's very similar statement not two moments ago.

THOMAS

(to: GHOST)

Let me ask you a question that only I would know, then.

GHOST

There's no time for that. I can only hold this signal long enough to synchronize our watches.

RADCLIFFE

OK. Fine. No promises. Moving along, what's next?

In the VERTICAL VIEWFINDER of the PHONE, the GHOST focuses in on a WRISTWATCH. It looks exactly like RAD's.

GHOST

OK. This is what I need you to do: We need to synchronize our watches, right now. That will allow me to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GHOST (cont'd)  
fix target on your signal.

RAD raises his WRISTWATCH HAND, the opposite hand to the one holding the PHONE, and looks at the WATCH FACE.

He LOOKS BACK at his PHONE's VIEWFINDER.

GHOST  
Set your watch to 3:21 P.M. exactly  
on the count of 3. And I'll do the  
same. I'll give you a moment to  
take off your watch...

RAD quickly and carefully PLACES the PHONE down on the CURB, as he sits beside it. He frantically unravels the BAND of his WRISTWATCH.

He LOOKS DOWN at his PHONE's SCREEN facing up from the CURB.

GHOST  
OK. Ready? 1-2-3-

SIMULTANEOUSLY and SIDE-BY-SIDE the two identical WRISTWATCHES, one in the VIEWFINDER, one held by RAD, each CLICK into ACTION, at precisely 3:21 P.M. and their respective SECOND HANDS TICK.

RADCLIFFE  
Can't we just rely on our phones'  
respective clocks to sync?

GHOST  
No. We can't trust digital  
technology. By synchronizing our  
analog wristwatches, we've just  
established an entangled spacetime  
link. This is the only true bridge  
that can transcend dimensions.

THOMAS  
(to: himself)  
Why didn't my future self just  
reach out to me?

GHOST  
(to: THOMAS)  
Because I knew you wouldn't believe

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)

me. Remember: we're the same person, if only separated by some years and dimensions. So hopefully I'll see you two, in person, tomorrow?

RADCLIFFE

Yes, yes. We'll see you tomorrow.

GHOST

(staticky)

Awesome. And with a whole second to spare. Ghost ou--

RAD's phone goes BLANK once again.

THOMAS

Are we really going to sacrifice our best 'get weird.' ep ever for this long shot? We don't even know if he--I mean, if I'm telling the truth.

RADCLIFFE

This is a lot to digest, honestly. I don't know. Let's get back to The Pit and finish editing at least. We can decide then.

CUT TO:

75 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY

75

RAD and THOMAS return to their WORKSTATIONS.

RAD checks his EMAIL. His JAW DROPS.

RADCLIFFE

(ominously)

Shit.

THOMAS

(looking back)

What is it?

(CONTINUED)



RADCLIFFE

CEO's secretary took our hardcopy of last night's episode. Like an idiot, I had it sitting right on top of my desk. The cat's already out of the bag.

THOMAS

Why?

RADCLIFFE

Take a read:

SECRETARY'S EMAIL READS:

"Hello, I came down to ask how the episode was coming, but you guys weren't here. I took the liberty of taking the hard disk to the CEO directly. Given the heightened attention that's being paid to this particular show presently, he requested a private viewing, before we release to the rest of the Network."

THOMAS

Shiiii--

RADCLIFFE

--iiiiittt. I know.

THOMAS

What are we going to do now? It's seems as though now we don't have a choice. We have to release 'get weird.' to the public.

RADCLIFFE

At the very least, I was going to ask for an extension, long enough to see if this Ghost is legit. Too late for that now.

THOMAS

What are we gonna do?

RADCLIFFE

(thousand-mile stare)  
I'll think of something.

(CONTINUED)

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

76 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT 76

The BOYZ, RAD, and THOMAS sit up at the BAR, getting ready for the NETWORK debut of 'GET WEIRD.' It's about to air.

C.U. TV ABOVE THE BAR

An all-black SCREEN displays, and 'get weird.' types across in WHITE LETTERS.

THOMAS

I guess we're airing the episode,  
then.

RADCLIFFE

Wait for it....

The SCREEN distorts, BLURS and then displays the PRIMARY COLORS as if the NETWORK is running a routine test of the EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM.

ON SCREEN: A NEWS ANCHOR then appears. He's SHUFFLING PAPERS at the NEWS DESK. The 'GET WEIRD.' LOGO appears above his RIGHT SHOULDER for his talking head segment.

NEWS ANCHOR

We apologize for this interruption, but we've just received some startling news about our current broadcast of 'get weird.' We just received an anonymous tip that some of the footage used to produce this wildly popular show has been fabricated. Digital traces of false footage were found in source video from the show, upon further investigation. The very capability of such technology has prompted The Network to cancel the successful web series, since it's now utterly impossible to verify the validity of this weekly documentary series. Not about to compromise its reputation as a channel that produces purely verifiable,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)  
reputable content, The Network has,  
in no uncertain terms, deemed all  
show content as potentially  
fiction. Let us now go to our  
correspondent Trent who's on site  
at one of 'get weird.'s primary  
shooting locations...

CUT TO:

77 INT. NETWORK CEO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

77

The CEO sits alone at his MONOLITHIC DESK watching this LIVE  
DRAMA unfold before him.

From CEO's TV, we hear TRENT entering the DREAD PIRATE  
DRAGON. TRENT forces his way through the CROWD on CEO's  
SMALL SCREEN.

TRENT

(from: CEO's TV)

Now we're told the anonymous tipper  
would be here at the Dread Pirate  
Dragon, in the Olde Neighborhood...

CEO

(gritting his teeth)

Don't be him. Please, don't be him.  
If it is anyone else, we can spin  
this.

C.U. CEO'S SMALL TV SCREEN

The CROWD clears to reveal RAD perched on his BARSTOOL.

CEO

No! Why would he sabotage his own  
show?

ZOOM THROUGH CEO'S TV TO:

78 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

78

TRENT's holding the MIC to RAD's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

What do you have to say for yourself?

RADCLIFFE

While I stand by the footage we've procured for our show, I couldn't in good conscience let the show air in prime time, knowing how we produce the thing.

TRENT

And how's that?

RADCLIFFE

All of the footage we've seen thus far has been aired completely unfiltered. But we used a method that required AI footage to fill in the blanks. Technically, that's illegal, given The Network airs exclusively non-fiction content.

TRENT turns back to CAMERA.

TRENT

(to: CAMERA)

You've heard it here, from the horse's mouth. 'get weird.' is fabricated. Back to you.

ENTIRE SCREEN shrinks to a tiny CENTER DOT, like turning off an OLD TUBE TV.

TINY DOT EXPANDS ALL-WHITE TO:

79

INT. NETWORK CEO'S OFFICE -- NEXT DAY

79

RAD sits nervously, slouched in the visitor's LEATHER SEAT opposite the CEO.

The CEO gently reclines behind his GIANT MAHOGANY DESK. Then, LEANS FORWARD quickly, his elbows supporting HIS FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

CEO

I know you didn't doctor any of the footage.

RADCLIFFE calmly sits across from CEO.

RADCLIFFE

Sir?

CEO

The AI signature would have gone undetected, if you hadn't reported it. I have no choice now that it's out in the open, however. I have to fire you.

RADCLIFFE

I know, sir.

CEO

Why'd you do it?

RADCLIFFE

Some things are more important than my career or even this network. Some things are bigger than me, but only if I protect them.

CEO

You mean the Neighborhood.

RADCLIFFE

The prime-time slot would have ushered in a title wave of eyeballs on the Olde Neighborhood. It would have invited the corporate influencers and other culture crushers. I couldn't let that happen... especially by my own doing.

The CEO LEANS BACK in his reclinable EXECUTIVE CHAIR.

CREEK

CEO

(grinning)

Son, you're a better man than me. I would have been setting up franchises.

RADCLIFFE

(chuckling, stammering)

Aahhah.. Believe me, sir. I wish I could have. That place is just real special to me. It's a part of me... I am part of it.

CEO

Well, godspeed, son. And you've turned in your illegal equipment?

RADCLIFFE

Yes, sir.

CEO

(smiling like El Diablo)

Now get out of my office.

RAD abruptly GETS UP and EXITS.

The CEO reclines back in his LEATHER THRONE. He sits in silence for a BEAT.

CEO GETS UP AND WALK INTO:

80 INT. CEO'S BACK OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

80

The CEO steps into a BACK ROOM behind his OFFICE. This room resembles a DARK UNDERGROUND DATA CENTER, with lights blinking, screens whirring and a TEAM of TECHS bustling like EVIL ELVES in KRAMPUSS' WORKSHOP.

CEO

(to: ELVES)

Have you completed the analysis of the encrypted AI footage?

ELF

(looking up from screen)

We've made some headway, sir, but this encryption is like nothing

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)

I've ever seen before. It almost seems alien.

CEO

Well, keep at it. My entrepreneurial spirit is telling me there's gold in them there hills.

ELF

Yes, sir. Preliminary findings do indicate a reality signature in higher fidelity to any other footage sample our analysis has ever examined. There's more information folded into *its* code, actually, than in actual footage of real life.

CEO

(a grin slowly forming)

Are you saying what I think you are saying?

ELF

I think I am.

SPLIT SCREEN to C.U.'s of both of THEM.

TOGETHER

True fabrication.

C.U. LBD 7.0 SITTING ON NEARBY DESK

CEO

(o.s.)

Any luck with examination of the device itself?

ELF

We finally figured out how to turn it on. You want to see?

CEO

Suuuure.

The CEO's reverse engineer ELF walks over to the dormant

(CONTINUED)

DEVICE sitting on the DESK. He cues up an APP on his PHONE to engage with IT. He SPEAKS into the PHONE's microphone.

ELF

LBD 7.0 boot up.

The LBD 7.0's WINGS flutter a bit. And LIGHTS shoot out HIS DOTS.

ELF'S PHONE

(robotic voice)

LBD 7.0 engaged.

Just then, all of the SCREENS inside the active LAB begin to WOBBLE in their respective DISPLAYS. Then the SCREENS go DARK.

ELF'S PHONE

(same robot)

AI footage data deleted. Have a nice day.

ELF's face DROPS.

ELF

No! No! That's not good--

CEO

What's happening? What does that mean?

ELF looks over at his CEO superior like a bad dog.

ELF 2

(from his terminal)

Sir, all of our research has been lost. Worse yet, we no longer have any trace of the AI signature.

CEO

English, son!

ELF 2

Sir, without the LBD 7.0's signature code, we can't replicate RAD's movierain footage. We have to start from scratch.

(CONTINUED)



CEO  
(coldly)  
I see...

CAMERA slowly ZOOMS into CEO C.U.

CEO  
But we know this is possible, yes?

GRUMBLED assurance from his faithful WORKERS.

CEO  
(getting louder)  
I want to see preliminary  
blueprints for Project 'Figure the  
fuck how to film Movierain' on my  
desk by 9 a.m., Monday.

CEO abruptly spins 180 DEGREES and heads for the DOOR.

CEO  
(back facing them)  
You have the weekend.

CUT TO:

81 INT. KING'S LAIR -- DAY

81

RAD and THOMAS are sat opposite the KING.

The KING drinks them in for a BEAT or TWO. Then, he breaks  
the silence.

THE KING  
(grinning)  
The greatest show that never was.

RADCLIFFE  
It appears that way, sir.

THE KING  
I heard you care too much about the  
Neighborhood to air 'get weird.' in  
prime time. You feared the exposure  
could invite too much of the wrong  
element into our little world?

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE

That is correct. Sometimes, you have to put the neighborhood before yourself, sir.

THE KING

Don't I know it. I take it you're out of a job now?

RADCLIFFE

Thomas, here, is OK sir. I took the full rap. But, yes, I am now out of a job.

THE KING

(still grinning)

How you gonna pay me rent, then?

RADCLIFFE

I'll just have to find something else. I'm good for the rent.

THE KING

I'll do you one better. What if I were to tell you that I have a job for you?

RADCLIFFE

Sir?

THE KING

I want you to keep filming 'get weird.' right here in the Olde Neighborhood.

RADCLIFFE

I would love to, sir. But I signed a contract that I would never produce AI footage again.

THE KING

That was for the Network; this would be for me and the Neighborhood. In fact, this footage would never leave this premises. In terms of your contract, let me worry about that.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

(to: RAD)

You turned the LBD 7.0 to the  
Network, no? How will you film.

RAD sheepishly looks at THOMAS and then THE KING.

RADCLIFFE

(mischievous smile)

I may have given them a decoy. We  
can still film.

THE KING

It's settled then. You will live  
rent-free under my Neighborhood's  
roof, so long as you keep churning  
out the hits. We all love your show  
here, Rad. It's bringing our people  
together better than ever. The  
Neighborhood's starting to feel  
like the old days again. I can't  
let that go just yet. Do you  
accept?

RADCLIFFE

Sir, Mr. King, it would be an  
honor. I even have an idea for the  
next episode.

RAD looks at THOMAS.

RADCLIFFE

(to: THOMAS)

You free tonight?

THOMAS

Umm, yeah, why? You still need my  
production expertise?

RADCLIFFE

Always. But in this particular  
case, I need you in front of the  
camera.

THOMAS

Oh no. What do you have in mind?

RADCLIFFE

You're gonna be the star of 'get weird.'s next edition; it's entitled 'The Ghost's Leap.'

THE KING

I like it.

THOMAS shrinks in his seat. He knows he doesn't have a choice in the matter.

CUT TO THE GHOST'S LEAP:

82 INT. RAD'S APT. -- DAY

82

LBD 7.0 flies from RAD'S COLLAR and sets above RAD and THOMAS on the CEILING.

C.U. LBD 7.0

MOVIERAIN: RACK FOCUS on THOMAS sitting in RAD'S BARCALOUNGER.

RADCLIFFE

OK. We're almost ready. Thomas and I are here, in my apartment. In T minus three minutes, we're about to initiate the world's first retinal sync across dimensions. Thomas, here, is our subject.

THOMAS squirms nervously.

RADCLIFFE

(to: THOMAS)

You ready?

THOMAS

No, but that hasn't stopped us before. What do I have to do?

RADCLIFFE

According to the Ghost's--I mean Future Your instructions, you have to hold your eye to the viewfinder, in precisely 2.5 minutes.

RAD looks down at his WRISTWATCH.

(CONTINUED)

RADCLIFFE

Two minutes and 20 seconds, now.

THOMAS looks DOE-EYED into the CAMERA, behind his THICK LENSES.

THOMAS

Shall I remove my glasses?

RADCLIFFE

(surprised at this question)

Umm, ya.

C.U. LBD 7.0 ON THE CEILING

THOMAS

We're rolling, right?

RADCLIFFE

(holding his wristwatch by  
THOMAS's phone)

Oh ya. Two minutes now.

THOMAS

Two minutes is a long time when  
you're just sitting here, huh?

RADCLIFFE

(looks back at: CAMERA)

Yeah. We'll edit down this interim  
out in post.

SPEED TIME UP TO ONLY 5 SECONDS BEFORE LEAP

RAD holds his WRISTWATCH next to THOMAS's PHONE. THOMAS holds his PHONE inches from his EYE. The seconds TICK DOWN to contact, in bated anticipation.

C.U. THOMAS'S EYE

THOMAS'S PUPIL slowly DILATES

RADCLIFFE

(o.s.)

Hold your eye open. In 3-2-1...

WHITE FLASH:

83 INT. RAD'S APT. -- NIGHT

83

The WHITE slowly fades, but a RINGING SOUND lingers. It's in fact all we hear in the aftermath of the GHOST'S LEAP.

THOMAS is unconscious, LAID BACK in the BARCALOUNGER. RAD's gently smacking THOMAS'S CHEEKS to wake him.

RAD's voice slowly FADES IN:

RADCLIFFE

--Thomas, Thomas! You OK? Wake up.

THOMAS shows signs of life and gradually COMES TO.

THOMAS

Whe- Where am I?

RADCLIFFE

You're in my apartment, dude. How do you feel? Did it work?

THOMAS

We're still in your apartment? How long have I been out?

RADCLIFFE

Like five seconds. You're starting to freak me out. Are you OK?

THOMAS

Yeah, yeah I think so. Wait, what year is it?

RADCLIFFE

2020.

THOMAS

That makes sense to half of me.

RADCLIFFE

Are you still Thomas? Do you have the Ghost in you?

THOMAS

What? Um, it's still me... I think. All of these weird memories are flooding into my mind right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (cont'd)  
Except I don't remember  
experiencing them.

THOMAS's eyes oscillate as if he's intently glued to a tennis match between two meth heads.

RADCLIFFE  
(anxious anticipation)  
Maybe they're from the future.

THOMAS  
Oh, right. That's right. I AM from  
the future... and from the present?  
I'm so confused.

RADCLIFFE  
That's understandable. Thomas, you  
are officially the first human to  
receive a cross-dimensional leap.

THOMAS  
All of those questions I had  
before, to my future self...

RADCLIFFE  
(oscillating between CAMERA  
and THOMAS)  
Yeahhh?

THOMAS  
It's like I've already answered  
them. This is so weird. It's like  
I've inherited someone else's  
memories.

RAD pulls away from THOMAS a bit to give him air.

RADCLIFFE  
(to: CAMERA)  
I think this was a successful  
experiment, folks.

THOMAS's formerly bewildered expression WIPES CLEAN. In its place, reveals a MAN more ASSURED of himself.

THOMAS

Wait. I'm in the year 2020? The leap worked?? I actually made it?

RADCLIFFE

(still, to: CAMERA)

There you have it: confirmation of a successful leap! This has been, by far, the weirdest episode of 'get weird.' yet!

THOMAS

I have a headache.

RADCLIFFE

So this means more people from your Ghost's dimension can make the leap, as well. And how many other worlds could we connect? What if--

SWISH PAN to THOMAS. ZOOM and RACK FOCUS on THOMAS as he ADJUSTS his GLASSES.

THOMAS

(sitting up straight)

Yes, there are many possibilities.

RADCLIFFE

--this marks a milestone...

THOMAS

(to: CAMERA)

This could take a whole two-hour episode of 'get weird.' to explain.

RADCLIFFE

(trailing off)

...a pivotal point in human history that had to take place for our species to advance...

C.U. THOMAS -- TIGHT SHOT

THOMAS

(to: CAMERA)

Could call it, 'the sequel.'

(CONTINUED)



C.U. RAD

RADCLIFFE

(voice raising)

This weaves us into the patchwork of human history. What is history? Now, I mean. Timelines are no longer linear. They're 3-, 4-, possibly 5D. Can you believe that? That's mind-blogging. You know what I mean? Y--

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

84 BLACK SCREEN

84

The words 'get weird.' TYPE across the SCREEN in WHITE TYPEWRITER FONT.

Hold for a BEAT

CUT TO:

85 INT. NETWORK STUDIO -- NEWSDESK -- NIGHT

85

GIANNA interviews an expert in artificial intelligent imaging (AII) about the latest technologies to combat "FABRICATED" footage.

The TWO are facing each other, behind the DESK, LIGHTS shining down on the broadcast.

GIANNA

So, if footage can now be completely fabricated, how can the human eye possibly detect what's real from what is fake?

DR. CARLSON JR.

We can place a lens atop both sets of footage. The fake footage will emit a slight, fluorescent, fuchsia aura around foreground objects.

A BEAT

C.U. GIANNA

(CONTINUED)

Her EYES are intense with thought.

GIANNA

But, how do you know THAT's not  
fake?

C.U. DOCTOR

A sense of DREAD washes over his FACE.

DR. CARLSON JR.

(eyes shifting)

I- I never thought of that.

CUT TO:

86 RAD TALKING HEAD

86

RADCLIFFE

You know what this means, right?

A BEAT

RADCLIFFE

... We aren't the first Universe.  
We were some secondary version. We  
could be the billionth version, in  
fact.

FLASH CUT:

87 C.U. FUTURE BOY

87

RAD V.O.

The fact that Future Boy Thomas  
came from a preceding dimension,  
one more advanced, means that  
there's no way of telling how many  
versions exist.

FLASH CUT:

88 DISTANT SHOT OF EARTH -- SPECK OF DUST IN A LIGHT BEAM

88

STEADY ZOOM OUT FROM THE SPECK

(CONTINUED)

RAD V.O.

Is the true number of divergent  
worlds limited only by our  
imaginations?

CUT TO:

89 EXT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- GRAY DAY -- RAINING

89

MOVIERAIN:

FREEZE FRAME ON A DOWNPOUR

ZOOM INTO A SINGLE RAINDROP

RAD V.O.

...Or existing, each encapsulated  
within innumerable raindrops?

ZOOM THROUGH THE WINDOW:

90 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT

90

RADCLIFFE

I have a confession to make.

THOMAS looks up from his GLASS.

THOMAS

Yeah?

RADCLIFFE

I did slip in a few fabricated  
scenes.

THOMAS

(wide-eyed)

Dude?

RADCLIFFE

Did you really think DJ Pauly D  
followed Tiers around an entire  
night, screaming everything he did  
into a megaphone?

CUT TO:

91 EXT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT 91

DJ PAULY D walks directly behind TIERS. DJPD holds a MEGAPHONE to his mouth and inches away from the back of TIERS' HEAD as they enter the PUB.

DJ PAULY D  
(through loudspeaker)  
Oh yeah! Walkin' into the Pirate  
Dragon, yeahhhh!

CUT TO:

92 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 92

TIERS enters from RIGHT SCREEN, immediately followed by DJPD still in tight tow on the MEGAPHONE.

DJ PAULY D  
Yeah! Get me a beeah! Yeah! Cabz  
got us heeah, yeaah!

TIERS continues to walk along the BAR, ignoring DJPD. All the PATRONS looks up as DJPD passes by, screaming into his MEGAPHONE.

DJ PAULY D  
Yeahhh! Let's get a table, yeahhh!  
Ooh, there's a seat at the  
bahhh! ... yeahhhh.

DJPD looks directly into CAMERA, which is behind the BAR. The MEGAPHONE is a PERFECT CIRCLE.

A BEAT

DJ PAULY D  
(to: CAMERA)  
Deep Fake YEAHH!!

BACK TO:

93 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT -- PRESENT DAY 93

C.U. THOMAS

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS  
 (dryly)  
 It could have happened.

HARD CUT TO BLACK

94 ROLL CREDITS 94

EXTRA SCENES:

Each SCENE appears opposite the off-center SCRAWL of CAST & CREW, as RAINDROPS in the EPILOGUE.

95 INT. NETWORK PIT -- TWO-MAN POD -- DAY 95

RADCLIFFE  
 Isn't it weird that some of your memories, now, actually never happened?

THOMAS  
 Yeah, it's like I'm remembering the future.

RADCLIFFE  
 A future that never happened.

THOMAS  
 Well, it happened... Just in an alternate reality.

THOMAS and RAD both stare at the floor, deep in contemplation.

RADCLIFFE  
 (looking up at THOMAS)  
 I have a headache.

THOMAS  
 Dude. You have no idea.

CUT TO:

96 INT. NETWORK EDITING ROOM -- DAY 96

THOMAS screens the latest ep. of 'get weird.'

97 INT. NETWORK -- JUST OUTSIDE EDITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 97

RADCLIFFE sits just outside the ROOM ENTRANCE, scrolling through his PHONE.

THOMAS

(shouting o.s. from editing)

This whole episode doesn't have one  
'Fuck.'

RADCLIFFE

(shouting back)

If I can't find anyone, I'll slip a  
'fuck' in there somewhere.

CUT TO:

98 INT. NETWORK EDITING ROOM -- LATER THAT DAY 98

RAD records himself saying 'Fuck,' as the latest ep CREDITS SCROLLS across his VIEWING SCREEN.

CUT TO:

99 INT. NETWORK EDITING ROOM -- EVEN LATER THAT DAY 99

THOMAS, RAD, the S&P LADY and a few PA's review the latest ep together. We see the FINAL SCENE INTO CREDITS scroll across THOMAS'S GLASSES.

We hear a whispering 'FUCK' just before the CREDITS ROLL.

ANGLE ON RAD who's SNICKERING.

THOMAS

(whispering to: RAD)

Dude, is that you?

RADCLIFFE

What? We get three per episode. No sense wasting them.

EXTRA SCENE:

100 MONTAGE THROUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD 100

Tour all the local HAUNTS --

(CONTINUED)

PEOPLE DRINKING at the DREAD PIRATE DRAGON

OLDER, CIVILIZED COUPLES SLOWLY SIP CHOWDER AT THE SAIL LOFT

THE KING HOLDS A MEETING IN HIS LAIR WITH THE BOYZ

RAD V.O.

'get weird.' is possible by the phone laws decreed by The King. I don't care who you are, if you're caught with a phone out on Hanover or Salem or any other side street within the confines of the Olde Neighborhood, that is a disrespect to the KING. And the BOYZ will make you pay. The cost is your PHONE.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. BUILDING STOOP -- EVENING

101

A COUPLE INNOCENT YUPPY TOURISTS glide by the BOYZ.

MALE HIPSTER whips out his PHONE to SNAP a shot of the old architecture.

Instantly, ONE of the BOYZ descends upon the unsuspecting YUP and SMACKS his PHONE to the GROUND.

SLO-MO:

The HENCHMAN then takes a LONG HAUL from the BUTT that was hanging out of his mouth the entire time and STARES DOWN the YUPPY, until he walks away.

RAD V.O.

'Oh, you snappin' a shot of the Saul Revere statue? Fuck you. Gimme your phone. Oh, you wanna Instagram the presentation of this finely made cannoli? Fuck you. Phone me. Takin' a selfie in front of this historic church? Fuck you. Now you're outta heah.'

CUT TO:

102 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT

102

RAD and the BOYZ gather round the BAR in a CHEERS.

LBD 7.0 RECORDS it all PERCHED on the CEILING above them.

RAD V.O.

We're the only game in town.  
Encapsulated within The King's  
phone laws, the radio silence  
provides the perfect stage for me  
and my crew to perform. Maybe this  
is why it was so easy for Future  
Boy to find us, across time and  
space. The MOVIERAIN itself,  
pristine as a raindrop falling  
through the MULTIVERSE.

EXTRA SCENE:

103 EXT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- NIGHT

103

DURLEY's gently swaying outside. His eyes are CLOSED and  
he's holding his PHONE up to his ear.

His JEANS grow WETTER and WETTER from within, as STEAM rises  
from his CROTCH.

CUT TO:

104 INT. DREAD PIRATE DRAGON -- CONTINUOUS

104

TUGBATO's ARMS fly wildly, as he's telling his story of  
DURLEY to RAD. They're both SAT UP at the BAR.

TUGBATO

(wide-eyed)

I finally stopped answerin' my  
phone. DURLEY's been calling me  
non-stop and just breathing heavily  
on the other end. Pretty sure he  
pissed his pants too. Before I  
left, he was just shtandin' there  
shwayin', as shteam roshe from hish  
jeanshh.

EXTRA SCENE:



105 INT. FUTURE BOY'S APT. -- DAY

105

A much older THOMAS sits in a BEAT-UP RECLINER in the center of a small, DINGY STUDIO. It's in DISARRAY.

THOMAS dons a FUTURISTIC HEADSET with VIEWFINDER. He's MUTTERING to himself, as he adjusts the VISOR.

Suddenly, WHITE LIGHT emits from the VIEWFINDER. It highlights THOMAS's BODY completely. THOMAS's brilliance grows BRIGHTER and BRIGHTER and then forms a PERFECT ORB.

The WHITE ORB hovers for a BEAT and then COLLAPSES in on ITSELF as a CROSS of LIGHT BEAMS explodes out from the former orb's center.

Those BEAMS shrink in on the CENTER into NOTHING as GRAVITATIONAL WAVES ripple through FUTURE BOY's APT. disturbing some LOOSE PAPERS and KNICK KNACKS that remain in their WAKE.

This all happens in a matter of seconds. We hold on the EMPTY APT. for a BEAT.

Just as the DUST is about to settle...

HARD CUT TO BLACK